

Solar ODST

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Summary: This is the second largest fic I've handwritten so it will take some time to get fully posted. A/N explains a bit what this is about. Sort of a self insert. Hiatus until hard copies can be recovered

## 1. Getting under way

**\*\*A/N:** This is based around Radar651 and Chris00's world. All mentions of their fics in this story are credited to them. To Radar, sorry I didn't send you a portion of this but I'm getting to the point where I'm going to lose the handwritten version so my idiot brothers, I've already almost lost the first few pages (found em though thank God). To both mentioned above, keep up the good work and maybe we'll see each other on the servers of Reach and 4â€|who knows? To other readers this is planned to be kinda long, so just hang on and also recall this was originally HANDWRITTEN, so typing it up plus edits every now and then makes for delays in submission of new chapters. And as the description said this is some what a self insert, but my idea for Pluto as a character came way before I had my pen name (and my gamertagâ€|and other names)**\*\***

**\*\*Solar ODSTs Ch 1\*\***

I'm a half blood; what does that mean you ask? It wasn't always like thisâ€|not until the SOLAR project. They told me I was being reassigned to the ONI on Reach, whose location was top secret. They wouldn't even tell me where it was. I didn't expect what would happen to me and the eight others with me would happen either. The shipyard on Mars was crowded like it usually should've been. People were going every which way you could think of while I was waiting on a bench for boarding of the flagship \_Leviathan\_. \_I didn't have any idea what was about to happen to me or the others that I would come to know. The situation goes like this: the year is 2559, seven years passed the bloody Human-Covenant conflict, and there is still the insurrection to deal with so now here we are basically trying to not only recolonize our lost colonies but still trying to maintain a stable government that isn't on the verge of collapsing. I've seen it

all the fall of Reach, both invasions of Earth, The Ark, Delta Halo I'm getting ahead of myself. My name is Chris; the Crops of cadets while I was in JROTC called me Pluto and the name stuck ever since, I'm 36 years old, I've served eighteen years in the Marine Corps am a Chief Warrant Officer grade 4 and most importantly I'm an Orbital Drop Shock Trooper. Feet first into hell that's how I like my combat. Well like I said, I've seen it all. I fought it all, and if it's a Covenant Infantry unit, Special Forces or even leadership element chances are I've killed it. What I've never been able to get by though was this: Mobians. They are a race of what some consider anthropomorphic animals. By Zoology terms that's probably correct, but saying that to one's face will get you punch kicked clawed and/or tail whipped faster and harder than my SOEIV hits the dirt. While I was waiting there I heard someone call my name, so I turned and there Lieutenant SPARTAN-M081, Jake, standing there in battle dress. He wasn't in his armor, which struck me as odd.

"Sir," I said standing up and saluting, my pack almost threw me off balance since I stood up so fast.

Jake saluted back and smirked, "You take care of yourself Chief,"

"Will do, sir,"

Jake is Mobian and also a good friend of mine. He and I met during a firefight in C te de Azur on Sigma Octanus. He personally saved my ass three times during that single fight, and he's been my friend ever since. I'd been told by some crusty old Master Sergeant to never make friends that you aren't prepared to watch die, but Jake was different; Spartans never die there just missing in action. I myself knew that was a butt load of dog crap, I'd seen my share of Spartan casualties and every single one of them listed MIA. It didn't seem right, giving the sense of false hope to those SAR teams out there who have the dream of saving every last one of our missing troops. I wished it was possible. I heard the intercom not a moment later.

"Final boarding call for UNSC \_Leviathan\_ departing for Planet Reach,"

I stood and grabbed my things, which consisted of some civilian cloths, my 1969 Les Paul electric guitar, my armor which I'd modified a bit, and finally my dress uniform; I was wearing BDUs. I walked up to the gang plank; ten meters of pure titanium that led to a boarding vessel up in space. I took my seat and noticed that only a few people. Eight other people in fact, and there wasn't a single thing I recognized about any of them. Little did I know, these guys would become my team. The ship lurched and rocketed away into the heavens. I slumped into my seat and shut my eyes. Ten minutes later, one of the new guys shook me awake. I stood grabbed my things and headed out of the boarding vessel, encountering a minor traffic delay. There's a specific way to board a Navy ship and first you march to see the Ensign. Next you salute. So that's exactly what I did. This particular Ensign was a female Mobian.

"Ma'am permission to come aboard," I said from across the gang plank while holding my salute.

The vulpine saluted back and said, "Granted,"

When I crossed that gang plank that was it; my old life as a UNSC ODS'T was over and my life as a UNSC Solar ODS'T began.

## 2. Induction

**\*\*Solar ODS'T Ch 2\*\***

While on any Navy ship it's not uncommon to have yourself put into the freezer. At the same time, it's not uncommon for you to be awake the whole trip. The second of those was me; I was stuck being out of cryo and pretty much had to entertain myself or risk losing my sanity to cabin fever. Though that wasn't hard, the Leviathan had a full size gym with single and multi gee training ports. The galley's food was always hot, and tasted alright when it came down to it. I remember someone asked me while I was recruiting if the food on a ship was any good, all I had to say on that subject was it was better than the Army's little MREs. I relaxed mainly though, trying to process the point of inducting an ODS'T into the ONI, if anything I loved bragging about success but hated actually going into it. Details on most of my engagements were kept secret. While I was in the mess watching FLCL (yes I actually like certain Anime) I started to notice somethingâ€|there was almost no one else in the mess. Normally the mess was the liveliest place on a vessel under way, but right now it was about as dead as a ghost town. I stopped my copy of FLCL and headed out into the halls to grab some sleep when I ran into someone. She was one of the others I'd seen on the boarding craft and apparently neither of us was paying much attention so the subsequent crash wasâ€|expected.

I growled a bit frustrated, "Why don't you watchâ€|?"

I stopped myself for a reason, the last subordinate I chewed out for something stupid like that hated my guts and at one point almost cost us the winâ€|some win though; Jericho still got glassed.

She stood and saluted, "Chief, the error was mine,"

I looked her down and smirked, her BDU was exceptionally up kept, her boots were shiny, not a single IP and her bronze hair was neatly tied back. Her rank on her sleeves spoke volumes, she was a Gunnery Sergeant and she also had the device in the pennant signaling she was a First Sergeant.

"There was no error on your part Sergeant, I wasn't paying attention," I replied.

She cocked her head slightly to the side, arching a brow, "That's not something I'd expect from an officer,"

"Well I guess I'm a different kind of officer aren't I?"

"Very much so sir,"

We got to our feet.

"Tell me something, Gunnery Sergeant, have you seen the rest of the crew?" I asked

"Negative, I've not seen one other person on this ship but you and the Ensign sir,"

"And where is the Ensign?"

"No idea,"

"This is weird,"

I'm not sure she knew what I was talking about, but I knew this much; any ship in the Navy can be run by two senior officers and a 'smart' AI but that's not the point, a ship should be a mobile city of warriors, not some ghost town. Were we attacked and I didn't even notice? No the alarms would've gone off, and the Captain would've called general quarters to battle stations.

"How so, sir?" asked the Gunnery Sergeant

"I was told that this was to be my ticket to Reach to be assigned to ONI. Strange right? I'm not even in the Navy,"

"That's not what I was told, sir,"

"What did they tell you?"

"They said that we were being combat deployed to Harvest, local insurgents, nothing a squad of ODSTs couldn't handle,"

Different info for the same ship? Maybe this crate had multiple stops? And if not, then we'd have a problem. That's when the intercom sounded off and we both shut our mouths

"All active crew report to the bridge,"

We looked at each other and her expression said the same as mine; that's our queue. So together we headed up to the bridge and that's where I met him. On the bridge was what I usually expected to see, computer screens, seats for the dash boards they were on, and a giant view port for the front screen. There were only two people—excuse me, two Mobians on deck. One was a full Captain, he was a fox with twin tails protruding from his dress uniform. I didn't get a good look at the other, because I immediately went about regulations with the other eight people who were here.

"Area; Aten-hut!" I barked

They went to attention and I saluted the Captain as a courtesy.

"At ease," he said returning my salute.

The vulpine was young looking, as in barely out of his twenties, yet already a Captain—a decorated one also. His left pocket was decorated in more ribbons than I could count. Three I could ID right off the bat. The Gold Valor Award was the first, next to it was the silver of the same award. The third had a pair of oak leaf clusters on it, signaling that he'd earned the award more than once, three times as a matter of fact, once for the ribbon and twice for both oak leaves. That award was the Order of the Purple Heart award, given only to those who have been wounded in service. His name tag spelled out the word 'Prower'. Captain Prower, a very decorated young Captain

with the death stare of an ODEST. I hadn't noticed the patch on his shoulder, the comet insignia with the blue hedgehog back ground, beneath it were the words 'Feet First into Hell'. He was an MDEST.

"I'm Captain Miles Prower," he said, "Captain of the UNSC \_Leviathan \_and you must be our subjects,"

Subjects? What the hell was he talking about?

"You mean like 'test' subjects, sir?" said Gunnery Sergeant Tory McKay; she was the one I'd walked up here with.

"Yes, Gunnery Sergeant, we are about to launch the latest super soldier program, the Solar ODESTs," he told us, "this op will be classified and you were chosen based on your records as well as numerous DNA comparisons done by ONI Section 3. It has been determined that you nine have ninety-seven percent compatibility and possibly the best records in the entire Marine Corps.

"You have been chosen and you will be trained as such, we will arrive on Mobius within the next few hours."

I had questions that I wanted answered and Captain Prower didn't seem like he was going to do that anytime soon so I lifted my hand.

"Yes Chief?" he said

"Permission to speak sir," I replied

"Granted,"

"Where is the rest of your crew, sir? Surely this can't be everyone,"

"A majority of my crew died during the Battle at the Ark, and since then I've been assigned a special ship for a special officer and a secret project."

"Captain," said the other on the bridge. She stood up from the ops station and cracked her neck by rotating her head then she turned to face us. Her expression was absolutely serious, and I sensed a pang of something. Regret? Sympathy? I couldn't put my finger on it. She was a full Lieutenant, and she'd served as long as Prower judging from the stripes on her uniform's sleeves. She wasn't nearly as decorated as Prower either, and if she was she wasn't wearing the ornamentations, her name tag was etched with the word 'Rose', "I don't think they need the details,"

"I wasn't about to go into it Lieutenant, there's no need to relive that tragedy."

I wasn't sure if she was asserting authority or something but then again Prower had rank on her by a margin of three full ranks, I guess Mobians had a different form of regulation, even though we were in the same military.

"The past aside," Prower continued, "you will have to keep it behind you, and move on, this is your next step in your honorable years of service."

He then had us all promoted two full ranks. By us I mean he had the nine of us jumped up the ranks. I was now a Second Lieutenant, and Tory a Sergeant Major; there were also now two Staff Sergeants a Sergeant and a Corporal. Shortly after the bunch of us left the bridge and got a bit better acquainted; I met Staff Sergeant Simon, he liked to be called Chase, he was the our 'team's' only certified sniper and according to my personal AI Max, he had more confirmed kills than a few Spartans I knew. Yes I knew more than one Spartan. Next was Staff Sergeant Wilson, he went by Tanner, he was a CQB/CQC expert, liked to be in the thick of it and couldn't go into any combat situation without an M90 CAWS. That would help a lot; I hated close quarters almost as much as I hated ship-to-ship combat. After was Sergeant Mariek, he goes by Rand, and the fact that he liked big guns and big explosions fit him. He was the biggest guy in our group. If I had to put it into perspective I'd put it this way, if you've ever seen the pictures of guys in Vietnam from the twentieth century, the guy in the back with the belts of 5.56 NATOs crossed in an 'X' on his chest with an M60 in his handsâ€|that was Rand, the Jorge of our group is what he would later be called by Spartan 266, a member of Noble Team, the only member still alive. The last guy I met that day was Corporal Christian Rios. He didn't open up much, I didn't exactly see him as an asset, but I would later figure out that he was better equipped than any of us. You could give the enemy an entire armada of starships and Christian would drop the world on them and send them all crashing into the ground.

All of this aside I didn't exactly have the best feeling about this, something about the Solar ODST project didn't sit well with me.

### 3. CYBER Base

#### Solar ODST Ch 3

If you ever get the chance to see Mobius, take it. The planet is beautiful. It reminded me of Earth before the Covenant showed up. There were rolling plains that stretched for miles on end, lush forests and beautiful beaches. Mobius would've been a vacation colony had we not discovered the Mobians and their tendency to want to help those in trouble. Hell we didn't mind the helpâ€|as a matter of fact we needed it. They, as well as the advancements of our own tech when we were pushed all the way back to Earth, ultimately turned the tide of this very one sided war. Where I was sent to when the Leviathan made port was the mystic and still mysterious Angel Island. Yes, the famed floating island that held the Shrine of the Echidna; it was very beautiful but at the same time scary as hell. I was never afraid of plummeting to my death in my SOEIV, but the thought of heights never sat well with me. I made the mistake of looking down while we were on the island. I was standing over near an edge guard when I did but that didn't make me feel any better. I cringed and took three full steps back away from the ledge.

"You all right Lieutenant?" Captain Prower asked.

I looked down at him, yes down at him; he was four foot one maybe four-two, then there was me, standing six foot five. I had to look down, but still I nodded and started to head back towards the car pool, a courtesy ride base was being given to us since it apparently didn't have a dry dock shelter.

"Tell me something Captain," I said, "You were ODS once, why'd you switch branches?"

He merely lifted his flight cap, the standard issue black garrison cap we all had. On his head was a large semi-luminescent glow around a burn scar.

"Whoaâ€¦when did thatâ€¦" I stuttered.

"Battle of Earthâ€¦round 2, Chief Knuckles, well he was a Staff Sergeant at the time, pulled me out and it's the only reason I'm still alive."

"Type 25, sir? Was it an alligator or an ape?"

"Neither; it was a Type 52 manned by some trigger-happy Grunt,"

"Ohâ€¦"

"The incident left me paralyzed temporarily and also messed up my memory, the last few days of the war I spent sidelined because of it,"

"Is that why you switched?"

"Partially, the other was that because I had commanded a ship once before our races even met,"

"Prior experience,"

"Exactly,"

"And what about Lieutenant Rose, sir? What's her story?"

"Lieutenant Roseâ€¦she's something else, tough as nails and twice as sharp, ever since she got together withâ€¦"-he stopped and chuckled, "You know what, you should ask her yourself, I don't think anyone but her is allowed to trespass in that territory,"

"What territory?" Speaking of Lieutenant Roseâ€¦

I stood up and saluted I'd already saluted Captain Prover, "Good day ma'am,"

"Classified territory that is your 'story' as Lieutenant Pluto put it," Prover said

Rose looked at me and smirked slightly.

"If I'm invading personal privacy Lieutenant Rose please tell me,"

"It's okay, Pluto, you can call me, Amy and my life is pretty much what you see right now,"

"Were you always interested in military ma'am?"

"Not until I met Shadow,"

I nodded, the others were also socializing with each other. Prower looked at his wrist, he had a watch on his wrist, a standard issue one, he sighed, "Damn it, where is he?"

I knew who he was talking about, our driver; the one who was going to take us to base. The next thing I knew a Troop Transport M12 rounded the corner and I could see a Sergeant in the driver seat. He saluted.

"Where the hell were you, Juice?" Prower asked

"Traffic delay, sir; freaking rush hour traffic," Juice as he was called replied, "Pile on, sir,"

That's what we did and sure enough Sergeant Juice's mention of rush hour traffic was correct, we were stuck on the road for the better part of a couple of hours. The bunch of us didn't have much to do except play 20 questions and try not to get on each other's nerves, which Lance Corporal Austin was doing a good job at. I mainly ignored him mainly, and eventually Prower got him to shut it. Juice pulled up to a guard housing and the MP checked our credentials then waved us in.

"Welcome to CYBER base," Prower said.

Juice drove us to the barracks first so we could drop our stuff off, then Prower told us to report to the Commander's office to confirm our arrival. I did that as soon as my stuff was squared away and headed right that way. I ran into the Captain again as well as the current deputy commander of CYBER, he was about four foot one, and a blue hedgehog with his quills grown long and proud. I don't know if there's regs for hedgehog quill length but I honestly think he needed them cut. He was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Corps, his uniform was Marine, I could tell. I also saw the insignia of an MDODST as well as the shoulder tabs of a sniper. Who was this guy, he must've been one tough son of a bitch if anybody.

"Lieutenant Colonel, sir," I said saluting.

They both turned to look at me and the lower rank of the two smirked and saluted, "Hello Lieutenant,"

"I think I'll take some time to oversee the landing pad efforts," Prower said to the other.

"Well good luck, Tails, hopefully we can get that tub down here and refitted," the half Colonel saluted as Prower left.

Tails? I wanted to laugh but with the one with that difference standing right there I had to fight the urge. I won that time, but no guarantee that I could hold my tongue next time.

"Lieutenant, please come with me,"

I followed him and glanced at his nametag, Sonic was what it said. I had heard of this guy, this was THE Sonic, the same Sonic I'd heard rumor of, he could make four kills from one spot while sniping then just as fast kill ten others with a custom M7(S) he always carried. I walked into his office and actually saw that very M7 in a glass case



above a dresser that had a few pictures on it. He was blasting music too. It wasn't flip; that much I knew, it had a less metal tune to it, more like old rock from forever ago.

"Your orders are to report to the Commander's office and speak to whoever's in charge correct?" he asked

"Yes sir, who is the commander here?" I asked.

"Colonel Shadow, he's out right now though, probably on the range" again,

"Can I ask you something, sir?"

Sonic smirked, "Fire away,"

"Is it true? How fast they say you are? Can you really break the sound barrier just running?"

Sonic rolled his eyes, like he was surprised or something, "So rumor has gotten around this side of Euridnas has it? Look Lieutenant, I'm not one who likes bragging about the abilities I possess any more than the next guy."

"But is it true?"

He put on that smirk again, "You better believe it, I'm the fastest thing next to a SPARTAN-087."

SPARTAN-087 now that was fast, but that still meant he had competition, like from a Spartan a FEMALE Spartan no less. I know what you're thinking, that's sexist, and no it isn't. Females are not built the same as males, naturally they are supposed to be weaker and slower than men. That however isn't as true as it probably used to be. I know girls that could beat me to death with no trouble hell I know a girl that could have (and has) taken on four Elite she won. She wasn't a Spartan, just another ODST.

"Wow" I'd like to see that on the field,

"And I wish you won't have to; I'll let Shadow know that you've arrived, you start training at zero hour good luck,"

I saluted and left his office and headed back to the barracks.

#### 4. Boot: day one

##### Solar ODST Ch 4

"WAKE UP, SOLARS!" someone shouted. I was fighting the urge I had to not listen to this guy, but he was my DI so I had no choice but to listen. As I was getting up, a jolt of electricity shot through my foot and along my entire body. Every muscle in my body tensed at once and I ended up rolling off of my bunk and onto the concrete floor. There was no sympathy when the guy stood over me and waved the shock stick around me.

"I said 'up' Solar, you know which way up is right?" he said.

I rose to my feet, ready to knock this guy senseless but every ounce of prior training kept me from that.

"Fall into a platoon outside NOW. Triple timeâ€|MARCH!" he said.

The nine of us did as told by thisâ€|echidna? I always thought that there were no echidnas left on Mobius. I did as told and the nine of us formed up. The DI made us get our alignment and everything; he even checked our salutes by giving us present arms. Have you ever been stuck saluting for more than ten minutes? Take it from a guy who's been there, it's not fun, matter of fact it hurts like a motherfucker after twenty.

"Keep your arms upâ€|" The DI warned us.

One guy made the mistake of slightly dropping his arm, a spasm from his bicep, and sure enough the DI was all over him calling him names and telling him how he was a disgrace to the UNSC and his mother. I kept my salute up.

"You think this is bad then you'll never be Solar Troops!" the DI said.

That's when someone else made the mistake of making a comment about how much of an ass this guy. To put it in laymen's terms, Hell descended upon him in the form of a four foot three echidna with jade eyes that had a fire behind them. I caught a glance at his BDU nametape, Knuckles. This must've Chief Knuckles; the guy Captain Prower said saved his life. Finally, after tearing the guy next to me a new one, he gave us order arms. My arm felt like it had been detached and was floating in zero gees. I had to pin the limb to my side to keep from breaking my bearing; if there was one thing I'd learned in that half hour it was that you do NOT want to feel Chief Knuckles' wrath.

"Assume push-up positionâ€|ready MOVE!" Knuckles barked.

We dropped to the pavement, loose gravel stabbed my hands; I had to suck it up and deal with it.

"From my count off to 100â€|ready begin! Oneâ€|"

I don't think I've ever had this much trouble doing push-ups before, normally I could clock fifty in my sleep but because my right arm was sore from saluting for a half-hour it was hell doing them. He kept going like he was a machine, like we were all machines. My arm gave out and I crashed to the pavement. There was no courtesy for me, another DI descended on me and barked incomprehensible gibberish about my lack of effort, and to add to it he smacked me in the side with a baton and ordered me to get back to work. I didn't question him and with aching ribs and a right arm made of jelly I kept going.

"99â€|100!"

I almost dropped again but managed to hold on just barely.

"Assume position of attentionâ€|ready MOVE!" Knuckles barked.

The nine of us jumped up to attention.

"Jumping-jacks, from my count to 100, readyâ€¦begin,"

The workout didn't get any easier from there, leg raises followed then crunches then windmills, squatsâ€¦basically if it was an exercise chances are we did itâ€¦100 of them.

"DON'T YOU QUIT ON ME, TROOPS! If you quit you'll run the whole baseâ€¦then come back and do 200 push-ups!" Knuckles warned.

I don't like to admit this, butâ€¦I threw up. No sympathy was spared for me; I kept going. Finally after what could've been hours of doing this, the sun started to climb over the horizon, for once in my life, I didn't want to see it. All the sun meant was that it was about to get a hell of a lot harder.

"Restâ€¦good work Troops," Knuckles said, "Trainers, get the water,"

A bottle of water was tossed at meâ€¦yes at me. I had to bat it to the ground before I could actually drink from it. It was piss-warm, I didn't care, it was the best thing I'd had all day and the day had barely started. I drenched my back with water to cool myself, I wasn't the only one who did that; the others were doing similar, all except for the Chief and his instructors.

"Now we run," Knuckles said, "don't worry its not that far,"

\_That was easy for a machine to say\_ I thought at the time. 'Its not that far' turned into a four mile run around the base. We drilled for almost the whole day, and at around 1800 hours we formed into three teams of three and lined up for 'playground' as the Chief called it.

"The object is simple," he told us, "Get to the bell before time expires, if you fail you don't eat; the first team to get to the bell gets first pick at the mess,"

I looked to my left, next to me were Chase and Tory, I prayed they were fast, I nudged Tory and pointed to a pulley system that was connected to a platform. I knew the trick to this challenge, they gave it to us in basic. When your DI's say 'you' they usually mean your whole team, not you as an individual. Tory told Chase what we were planning and he gave me a thumbs-up to me. I looked at the missions clock at the opposite end of the course, they were giving us four minutes to do this.

"On my commandâ€¦" Knuckles said, "GO!"

I made a mad dash for the platform, grabbed hold of the rope and started pulling. By the time Chase and Tory came close to the platform they had to jump to get on. I kept pulling and let them sync up with my pace. The platform was a full ten meters off of the ground, but that wasn't enough to get to the bell. The bell's platform was at least ten times that height up. I dared to glance at the mission's timer, we had three minutes to go.

"Faster!" I shouted.

We picked up our pace, I poured everything I had left in the tank

into the rest of the pulls. The platform crawled up the side of the bell floors massive tree trunk pillars. One of the other teams couldn't get their act together and was arguing between taking the ropes course versus the blade bridge. The blade bridge would rotate if you put too much weight on one footing for too long. I spotted Rand and his team, they were shoving their way passed everyone else and were on an arm bike that was approximately one hundred meters away from the platform. Tanner and Christian were with him. He told Christian to go first, he wouldn't allow anyone to be left behind; I wished he had my back with that mentality. Finally, as Christian made it to the platform and rang the bell, our platform reached the bell floor. My arms ached with even more soreness then I'd already had. With not a second longer hesitation I rang the bell, Tory and Chase followed after. I looked back, Rand was fending off the third team while Tanner crossed on the arm bike. I helped him across seeing as we had already won, I always said if I was done with an objective I'd help the others accomplish their objective and seeing as I knew Tanner and Rand better than the others here I figured helping them would benefit the unit best. Tanner staggered across the platform and rang the bell three times. Now one of two things could happen, Rand would have to fight off the last three guys, Josh Wesley and Austin, and cross himself over on the arm bike or he could take the blade bridge. Rand nailed Josh in the gut and sent him tumbling end-over-end down the ramp then he sprinted passed the stunned others and made his way to the blade bridge. I have to admit Rand was pretty fast for his build, he was a class A Marine that was for sure. He made it across the blade bridge in three steps and sprinted the open turf straight to the rest of us. In a quick move he dodged what looked like a pair of stun grenades and a flash bang before he dove over a fence between him and the bell floor and grabbed the string for the bell and rang it with pride. I looked at the mission's clock; there were five seconds left. Josh was only halfway across the arm bike's rope when time expired.

"TIME!" Knuckles called out. Josh dropped the maybe ten meters to the ground while Austin and Wesley just slumped looking down. I looked at Rand then Tanner and finally Christian, I put on a smirk, we would probably be the better of the unit. Dinner was satisfying but I made sure, along with Tory and Chase to help sneak some to the others.

"Why the hell should we?" Chase asked me

"Like it or not, Chase, they're part of our team too, we'll need them at full strength tomorrow," I told him.

\_Tomorrow\_, I thought, I wondered what the Chief had in mind for us then. I'd find out later that this wasn't even the toughest PT day; that was still to come.

## 5. Meeting the Base Commander

\*\*Solar ODST Ch 5\*\*

Training wasn't all physical, most of it was mental, but on this particular day, about three weeks into our five month training course we were ordered to report to the flight line. This was the area where you take off with Pelicans and other VTOL craft. It was here I would meet my true superiorâ€|for the time being. He was about as tall as

Lieutenant Colonel Sonic, but he was darker, by that I mean mentally and physically, his fur was jet black and had natural scarlet red streaks along his quills, two on both of his shins and two more along his forearms. He came off as more evil at first then I later found out something that every First Sergeant on base knew for years, he'd had his heart broken twice. He was the single most powerful Mobian on the planet and probably just as much a threat as the Halo rings.

He was Colonel Shadow the Hedgehog, Commander of the famous 1st MDODST.

I'd heard stories about their skill that supposedly matched even Spartan Blue. I was the first among us to meet the Colonel as well as the rest of the 1st MDODST. The conditions weren't the best in the world for one guy from their unit when it came to meeting me so there we are on the flight line and one of them decided to practically shove me aside, in spite the silver piping in my cap, and then laugh at me. I wasn't all that decorated, I had the Golden Valor award and a Purple Heart but aside from those two, not much else. The assailant was some lowly Private, probably right out of basic. Boy I was ready to chew him a new one but Colonel Shadow was right there already doing that. Shadow threw out some insults I'd never heard before, one I remember particularly well though.

"You're worse than the fucking Faker, and he's the fucking Deputy Commander! Now I suggest you apologize to this Lieutenant, and maybe ask him what it's like to have gone through every engagement in the Covenant War, because Pluto's been in all of them but First Contact!" was that insult. I wasn't sure why Shadow was calling Lieutenant Colonel Sonic a 'Faker' but I was aware that this Private didn't exactly know who anyone in the UNSC was at least not important people. In all honesty I didn't consider myself all that important, but I guess the Colonel held me in higher standing than I probably had credit for. So I forgave him but didn't say anything until the customs were met, which is another way to say I was waiting for him to salute me. Eventually he did, I had to do the same for Shadow. So I told the guy about what happened on Earth the first time and that was enough to get him to report to the runway for a duty the Colonel assigned him. I turned to Shadow; he was smiling.

"So you're Colonel Shadow," I said, "You're shorter than I expected, sir,"

Shadow's brow...well it wasn't a brow, it was more like just a ridge where an eyebrow should've been anyway THAT lifted slightly, "That's the first time I've heard that comment oh well,"

"You were the commander of the 1st MDODST right?"

"And still am; did you think that I only hold one duty?"

"Actually yes, sir,"

Shadow rolled his bloody-red eyes, they weren't blood-shot, no, his irises are naturally red, blood red eyes that could've stared death in the face and made its blood run cold then go further to hold their gaze until death itself blinked and turned away. If there was one thing I could see in those eyes it was this: Colonel Shadow was one tough son of a bitch. I hoped that was the case if we ran any

missions together. I was betting that we would if we were a secret unit. The MDODSTs were sort of like that as far as I was concerned. I talked with Shadow for what seemed like an hour or two; he was into guns. I mean, he could, like an arms man, tell you who made it what round it fired, when it was ushered into service and all sorts of things. He also liked watching football when he was bored, and classic metal. I had to admit I liked him, he seemed like an ass when you first see him but once you start to get to know himâ€|he's a really cool guy. I ended up asking him if he liked classic guitars.

"I've seen a 1975 Gibson Explorer if that's old enough for you,"

I smirked at that comment, "What if I told you I had a 1969 Gibson Les Paul and I brought it with me?"

"I'd ask if you were any good, what style you play, and if you wouldn't mind showing me,"

"To answer those questions, sir, I'm alright if that means anything, I play classic metal classic rock, and a little flip, and sure I wouldn't mind showing you if they still have me stationed here when my training is done,"

"I'm going to hold you to that,"

Well, I wound up taking my leave when Chief Knuckles made a call out to the Solars, so it was from small talk to another class on advanced tactics and some calculusâ€|God I hate calculus.

It was the next morning that was really worth recounting, meeting Shadow was important for you to knowâ€|mainly his like of classic metal and his broken heart. I was just getting back from another class when I passed him in the hallway and not soon after, I saw three other people, First Lieutenant Blaze, Second Lieutenant Silver, and Lieutenant Rose. I saluted all of them, which seeing as Shadow was there they saluted him. I noted a slight tug at his muzzle, like he was fighting back a frown when he saw Lieutenant Rose. When he was out of earshot, and Rose had left the building I turned to face the couple of Lieutenants next to me.

"Did you two see that?" I asked

Blaze, whom was probably a twenty-three year old lavender furred feline with a very fiery touch, shook her head. Silver, the albino hedgehog next to her, actually allowing her to hold the position of honor, meaning he was always walking on her right side, said a simple, "No, what were we supposed to look for?"

My brow lifted, "You mean you don't know what the First Sergeants said about him?"

"Of course we know," Blaze said, "but what does that have to do with anything?"

"I saw the Colonel holding back what looked like a frown; the First Sergeants say he'd "had his heart broken", I think he and Lieutenant Rose at some pointâ€|"

"Yeah we were," Shadow said from down the hall; he must've had more

sensitive hearing than I'd previously thought, "and the effects it's had on me is none of your damned business,"

With that Shadow completely left the building.

"Look Pluto," Blaze said, "the First Sergeants did their best to help him out, but he's made it clear that he doesn't want help,"

I looked towards the now close door, it was as if the Colonel had never wanted to be in that relationship in the first place, I couldn't picture him with someone from the Navy, or Lieutenant Rose even if she wasn't in the UNSC. Now blend those two together and I honestly think you've got a complete cluster-fuck for a relationship.

"Does the officer's club have live performances?" I asked them.

"Sometimes, why?" Silver replied

"Who handles that division?"

"Public affairs; they're in charge of that type of thing,"

"Do you guys know if Shadow isâ€¦musically talented?"

"I've heard him sing in the showers if that's any indicator,"

"Well is heâ€¦?"

They exchanged a look then Silver wiggled his hand in a so-so motion.

"Tell PA to set a show, tell them I'll be playing live, and get them set to have the Base Commander to sing for me, if they laugh, try to keep a straight face. Also if at all possible, bring me a recording of Shadow singingâ€¦if you can get it,"

"We'll do our best," Silver said

"Wait a minute," Blaze interjected, "What exactly are you planning?"

"An apology, in a language that everyone can understand; music,"

Blaze cocked her head slightly to the right; she was clearly confused.

"Hey best case, they to make up, worst case, Shadow finds out and pummels me before we get on with it,"

"If this works, we'll probably be the luckiest bastards in this divisionâ€¦just pray that it even goes through without something going wrong and him finding out," she commented, "We're in,"

I left those two, tomorrow was a PT day, and I had a feeling that the Chief was ready to wake us up at the ass-crack of dawn and beat us half to death with physical exercise.

A/N: Yes there will be a bit of songfic in here but just bear with me, Pluto will start running ops right after, the ShadAmy pairing actually is kind of important to know about, and will probably justify some of Shadow's actions. Also recall that during the Battles of Earth and also Delta Halo and the Ark, both sides suffered heavy casualties; making those who survived very touchy when it comes to recalling on the past. I'll hint that probably more later on. Thanks for reading.

## 6. Mending the Commander's Heart

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 6\*\***

Well my goose was cooked; yes Shadow found out. I'm not sure if he was truly pissed at me or if he was just holding back, but as I walked to his office I couldn't help but think of his earlier statement when I asked if he and Lieutenant Rose&|Amy dated.

"Yeah we did and the effects it had on me are none of your damned business,"

In fairness it really wasn't but I had everything I needed for the show&|everything but him that is. I finally arrived at his office shortly thereafter. I gulped, just praying the \_other\_ rumors I'd heard about the Colonel weren't true. So with that prayer prayed I stepped inside his office. Now there are procedures for everything we do in the UNSC, one of them is called 'reporting in'. I marched to the Colonel's desk and saluted him. He was reading a file from his data pad and didn't bother to acknowledge me. Now I'd bet if you were in my position you would've simply dropped your salute. Well not me, you're supposed to hold it until you're recognized by your superior. After about a minute or two, which may as well have been an eternity, he looked up at me.

"Second Lieutenant Mason reporting as ordered, sir," I said

He saluted me and said a simple, "Have a seat," motioning to the chair opposite his desk. I took it, but under no condition was I any closer to being 'at ease' then when someone told me he'd found out.

"Now Pluto, what's this I hear about you wanting me&|to sing in a show you're putting on to supposedly boost morale?"

"I figured you wouldn't mind," I replied. I knew that was bullshit and I bet he did too.

"And this has nothing to do with my relationship with Am&|I mean Lieutenant Rose?"

"Not in the slightest, sir,"

Once again a lie. Shadow probably caught on about then and let me know he was onto me with one simple phrase.

"Bullshit," he said, "you and I both know that you're trying to help mend something that can't be mended,"

"May I ask the Colonel a question?"



"Humor me,"

"Have you ever tried, sir?"

Silence; after a few moments Shadow sighed looked back at his data pad then a picture on his desk of himself and Amy on a field of grass; the picture was probably taken from that very data pad. I noted their smiles, they were 100% genuine, nothing fake like when you can't help but think that you need to get the hell out but don't want to hurt the other with you. His gaze then looked up to me, "No,"

"Then, sir, how do you know things can't be mended?" I asked.

"Watch the ground you're treading Pluto, I could have you court marshaled for interfering in my private business,"

"I'm not trying to and if I am please let me know so I can stop myself before this gets out of hand, but at least answer the question please,"

Shadow was going to say something, probably about how I was interfering with his business, but he caught himself and simply said, "I don't know if things can be mended,"

"And that's why I want to help, if things can't be mended completely then at least you have the ability to say you tried and that it wasn't meant to be,"

Shadow considered it, or at least he looked that way.

"What song?"

"I was thinking of a rather old song,"

"And that would be?"

"World So Cold by Three Days Grace,"

Shadow rolled his eyes, "I'd rather you perform this,"

The song he turned on was a rather old song, a Three Doors Down one. It was one of the first songs I'd learned too.

"When I'm Gone, sir?"

Shadow nodded.

\* \* \*

><p>It was later that day that the show was set to go on for. I had everything set up, all I had to do is hope that Blaze could get Amy to come out here. I had heard Shadow sing beforehand, he was pretty damn good actually. When I spotted them in a group with some other Navy guys I decided to humor them and struck up the theme to the movie <em>Top Gun<em>. They laughed and a couple of them showed their approval by lifting their glasses. I looked at Shadow whom was back stage, he took one last drink before he came on stage with me. I started up with the oldie and the bar got quiet. Shadow started

singing after a few measures.

\_There's another world inside of me\_

\_That you may never see\_

\_There're secrets in this life\_

\_That I can't hide\_

\_Somewhere in this darkness\_

\_There's a light that I can't find\_

\_Maybe it's too far away...\_

\_Or maybe I'm just blind...\_

\_Or maybe I'm just blind...\_

I heard the hurt in his voice, without her he was lost, just roaming in a world of darkness looking for something. The chorus I think he directed at Amy more than the crowd as a whole.

\_So hold me when I'm here\_

\_Right me when I'm wrong\_

\_Hold me when I'm scared\_

\_And love me when I'm gone\_

\_Everything I am\_

\_And everything in me\_

\_Wants to be the one\_

\_You wanted me to be\_

\_I'll never let you down\_

\_Even if I could\_

\_I'd give up everything\_

\_If only for your good\_

\_So hold me when I'm here\_

\_Right me when I'm wrong\_

\_You can hold me when I'm scared\_

\_You won't always be there\_

\_So love me when I'm gone\_

I wasn't sure if Amy got anything that he was saying, Shadow made it sound true, like if it came down to the decision in a mission or

something he'd lay it all down for her to live.

\_Love me when I'm goneâ€|\_

I cooled off from the chorus rift which was a fast one more or less and continued for a moment on my own. That was until Shadow came back with singing again.

\_When your education X-Ray\_

\_Cannot see under my skin\_

\_I won't tell you a damn thing\_

\_That I could not tell my friends\_

\_Roaming through this darkness\_

\_I'm alive but I'm alone\_

\_Part of me is fighting this\_

\_But part of me is gone\_

That much I knew, if he couldn't say it to anyone he certainly wouldn't tell her. I understood with not only mission info but with also gossip, if there was one thing Amy didn't need to hear it was gossip about her from 'friends'. Shadow certainly wouldn't put up with it and Amy would probably bash someone's head in otherwise. I could still hear how Shadow was lost, roaming a dark path that only Amy could help him get throughâ€|if she would.

\_So hold me when I'm here\_

\_Right me when I'm wrong\_

\_Hold me when I'm scared\_

\_And love me when I'm gone\_

\_Everything I am\_

\_And everything in me\_

\_Wants to be the one\_

\_You wanted me to be\_

\_I'll never let you down\_

\_Even if I could\_

\_I'd give up everything\_

\_If only for your good\_

\_So hold me when I'm here\_

\_Right me when I'm wrong\_

\_You can hold me when I'm scared\_

\_You won't always be there\_

\_So love me when I'm gone\_

There was another interlude that I played flawlessly and watched as Amy turned away for a second, she was looking down at the floor; did she feel Shadow's hurt? I couldn't tell seeing as the only mind reader I knew was Silverâ€¦and he wasn't even here.

\_Maybe I'm just blindâ€¦\_

That next bit was a solo; once again I was flawless. Shadow then came back with the third and final chorus after I finished showing off a little.

\_So hold me when I'm here\_

\_Right me when I'm wrong\_

\_Hold me when I'm scared\_

\_And love me when I'm gone\_

\_Everything I am\_

\_And everything in me\_

\_Wants to be the one\_

\_You wanted me to be\_

\_I'll never let you down\_

\_Even if I could\_

\_I'd give up everything\_

\_If only for your good\_

\_So hold me when I'm here\_

\_Right me when I'm wrong\_

\_You can hold me when I'm scared\_

\_You won't always be there\_

\_So love me when I'm gone\_

I once again noticed Amy, she had turned back to face the stage a happy smile on her face. I actually think she knew this song since she started going along with us, I couldn't hear her over everything else

\_Love me when I'm goneâ€¦oh whoa oh\_

\_Love me when I'm gone\_

\_When I'm gone\_

\_When I'm gone\_

\_When I'm gone\_

I pulled off the last note and watched as the rest of the crowd erupted into applause. I then watched as Shadow went to go talk to Amy and when they embraced each other I knew that my job here was done. I then unplugged all of my and went back to the barracks going out to catch some shut-eye; the Chief said there was some new assignment we had to do tomorrow.

A/N: That's the only songfic portion of this story, as you read these notes I'm hard at work getting Solar team's classified mission written out. Stick around and you'll see what happens when the guy get their first op. This is still training so don't expect character death. Again thanks for reading.

## 7. The Lesson on the LZ

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 7\*\***

I was on a Pelican with the rest of the trainees; my gear wasn't any heavier than standard issue, so no extra weight in addition to my modified armor and weapons. The Chief had given us sections of a map from the local area, the idea was to RV with the Pelican at a specified location. There was no twist to this mission; it was to show us that this organization doesn't tolerate show off lone wolves. I was first to realize that the Chief was now in the crew bay.

"Areaâ€|aten-HUT!" I barked

They jumped up to attention.

"As you were," Knuckles said, "We're coming up on your DZ, boys and girls, you know how this works, RV with the Pelican at 1600 or you WILL be left behind, if you aren't back at base with in three days SAR will be sent out to find you, but otherwise I'd recommend getting to the RV point because it's a \_very \_long way back."

"Oorah!" we all barked in response.

"Lieutenant Mason, you're up first,"

"Yes sir!"

The back hatch opened and I was let off alone. I swept the area with my practice rifle before waving the Pelican away. While I was aboard however, I'd spotted a small river bed from the air and motioned to Tory to tell the others where to meet up at. The Pelican lifted back into the air to drop someone else in some other area in this area. I wasn't sure who but I doubted it really mattered. The river bed was just off to the east, so I got my bearings and headed that way. I'd learned already that these kinds of ops don't go without some kind of nasty surprise. I was on the lookout for anything; stun grenades, trip-wire traps, pitfalls anything that would hinder my progress. After a moment of nothing but the sounds of nature to keep me alert I

decided to check my weapon. It was the standard BR55HB, loaded with stun rounds of course. Those were to be used in case the Chief decided to send in DIs that were usually armed with the same armament the insurgents had, meaning they could be armed with anything from MA5 rifles with stun rounds, to Type 23 refitted for stunning not killing. I hoped for the MA5s I hated plasma weapons since no matter how you refitted them, they still burned through armor like a hot knife through butter. I heard a noise off to my left and jerked my rifle level. The bushes rustled and I dropped into a crouch maintaining my balance and accuracy as a result.

"Whoa lighten up el-tee, it's just me," said a familiar voice.

Chase emerged from the bushes not much later, he was armed with an SRS 99D S2 AM, he'd never left home (or in this case base) without it. I motioned him to form up and we made our way to the river bed. When we finally got there I looked at my mission's timer that was displayed on my helmet's HUD. The ODSI battle gear we had was modified, it could compensate MJOLNIR shielding system so we had a tad more protection than I thought necessary. My armor I'd personally modified for other things that MJOLNIR had; camo systems, holograms for distractions, an overcharge ability that subsequently locked my armor up, though the techs said that would probably save my life, even support systems for my AI, Max. Chief Knuckles confiscated his chip though, he said I'd get it back once I graduated—if I graduated that was. So there I was alone in my armor but among friends. Christian Tory and Rand had been waiting for us and Tanner and Wesley brought up the rear, they'd run into an ambush and had to lose the instructors before making their way here. The fact that they made it at all was a miracle. I figured Tanner was lucky, and maybe some of that luck would rub off on the rest of us. I looked at the six of them. Austin and Josh hadn't even made two weeks here, already they'd been ejected from the program and sent to the front, of course that was just rumor, as far as where they really were was beyond me. Reasons for their ejection were violating safety protocol while on a training mission, endangering their squad mates and compromising the mission altogether. A shame but then again not everyone was cut out for Spec Ops, so it didn't surprise me. I motioned for them to form up after I tagged us and labeled us Team Solar. Six IFF tags showed up on my HUD, I don't remember Wesley's tag since this was the only time I'd actually see it. Everyone else's tags I know like the back of my hand. 'L107' was Tanner, 'DF33' was Rand 'Fire' was Chase 'HAI' was Christian and 'RREA' was Tory. I knew what Tory's was supposed to mean. 'Remember Reach' where I personally fought to literally my last round before having to bug out with Gunnery Sergeant Buck, escorted by a Spartan known solely as Noble-Six.

"Hand over the map pieces," I said, "give them to Christian,"

Christian took the pieces and assembled them back into their map form after about an hour seeing as we'd been given multiple pieces, doubles of some others, and some that didn't belong. When he was done I scanned it with my modified HUD and uploaded to everyone's HUD.

"Looks like our LZ is about a three hour walk from here," Chase commented.

"Yeah but that's just distance," Rand said, "You know the Chief about

as well as I do, he set up an ambush that Tanner and Wes had to bail on; whose to say that wasn't the last one?"

"Point taken, big man,"

"I'd say we get moving, keep it slow and cautious though," Christian said, "Seeing as the Chief is about as predictable as a pissed off Brute, he'll defiantly have something set up the only question is what,"

"Oorah," I grunted and that ended that little debate, they all knew that we didn't want to be stuck out here and have to wander back to base on foot. Tory took point and the rest of us followed her lead, Christian was right next to her, he had the best ears. I mean, he could hear a pin drop in a sandstorm, every now and then he and Tory would halt us and just listen while the rest of us remained as still as possible, mostly it was just the wind rustling the bushes or the sound of the babbling river. I turned around checking our six; clear, \_so far so good \_I thought. Tory brought us to a halt, there was a clearing dead a head of usâ€|the designated LZ and already prepared to take off was a Pelican drop ship. I looked at my mission's timer, and it read 1535 hours. Marines never arrived early, nor did they show up late, I'd learned that we'd always arrive when we mean to, meaning that this was NOT ours.

"Make out any ID?" I asked

"Negative, I can't tell who in Sam hell these guys are," Tory replied.

"They sure don't look friendly," Rand commented.

"Fall back about thirty or so meters, out of ear shot," I ordered.

The order was followed and we set up in a relative clearing near by.

"Do you think they're rebels?" Tanner asked.

"I doubt it," Wes said, "They wouldn't telegraph their presence like that,"

"Maybe they slipped in under the radar?"

Rand shook his head, "This doesn't make sense; how in the hell could they even hope to not be seen by CYBER's air defenses?"

"They could be the Chief's men, maybe they're just out of uniform," Wes said

"Since when do we ever run ops out of uniform?" I said, "That's like leaving home without your skin,"

"So what do we do?" Chase said

"Easy, we get back at them for ambushing Tanner and Wes," I said, donning an evil smirk, "Chase how good a shot are you?"

"Certified sniper, sir, top of my class in sniper school back on

Reach,"

"All right, post up somewhere in the area of the LZ, make two shots them displace, everyone else wait until Chase starts to displace before moving out, take down whoever you can," I instructed.

"Oorah,"

Chase moved off and disappeared into the brush; I sent Tory with him, she seemed like she could be a good spotted. Tanner Wesley Rand Christian and I spread out among different points along the LZ. I had a clear field of fire and was ready to go. I clicked the comms and my HUD flashed six different green lights; the guys acknowledged.

"Chase, you're clear to engage," I said via secure channels.

I heard two successive \_bangs \_reverberate through the air. One round caught its victim in the back; he dropped spazing out as the round's stunning capabilities took their effect. The second target didn't realize what was happening until it was too late, and he crumpled in a twitching heap. The rest of us jumped from cover and opened fire, effectively taking out every last contact. I looked at the timer; 1600 hours. I saw a second Pelican overhead heading towards our LZ, we flagged it down with a few wild shots from our guns. The bird touched down not twenty meters to the left of the first.

"Pile on Solars," I heard Chief Knuckles say. He looked at the stunned men and shook his head, "\_tsk, tsk, tsk\_"; I give you morons one job and you couldn't even do that right, Solars please evac these idiots,"

So that's how we ended up picking up the guys we'd just spent the last thirty seconds stunning with our weapons and loading them onto the other Pelican. The flight of two birds lifted off and headed back to CYBER.

\* \* \*

><p>"I'll ask one more time," Shadow said, "Why did you attack the men I had Chief Knuckles assign to guard that Pelican?"<p>

I told him for the thousandth time why my men attacked them, they failed to ID themselves. Shadow shook his head slightly and sighed

"Those guys were meant to show you that the LZ is the most dangerous place on any missionâ€and you attacked them?" Shadow said, "How many hot drops have you been on Lieutenant?"

"At least thirty, sir,"

"And how many times have you seen good men killed because the evac shows up and they let their guard down?"

"Plenty, sir,"

"You did what every soldier in the field \_should\_ do when waiting for evac, neutralize any immediate threat and prepare for any potential



oncoming ones, good work,"

Chief Knuckles grunted in agreement.

"Grab yourself a shower and some shut eye, this is far from over,"  
The Chief said.

With that I was dismissed; in actuality I thought I was in deep shit, but I guess I taught the Solar team a valuable lesson: There isn't anything 'safe' in the field; your only safe haven is the base and your home of course. From then on out, we made sure that every LZ was secure before we even thought of signaling evac.

## 8. Augmentation gets First Strike

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 8\*\***

Two and a half months into our training they did the unthinkable; what some of those in the UNSC shunned the Spartans for. If the word 'bio-augmentation' popped into your head then you're right on the money. It was early that morning, the sun hadn't yet come up, and we fell out onto the drill pad before the Chief even woke up. Beforehand we made our bunks to the peak of perfection, and don't ask me why, but now Chase can't sleep at night unless his bunk is made before he goes to bed. I saw a method to that, at least what Tory had dubbed a 'stupid thing to be OCD about'. It allowed him to make his bunk in less than five minutes. The Chief walked down our line and, for the first time since we arrived to start training, put us at ease.

"Solars, this maybe the last time we ever see each other," he said grimly, "Today you'll receive your augmentation; this will make you faster stronger and all around better then other ODST. After today you'll have two weeks leave for medical purposes and rehabilitation then you'll return to complete your training within the next two months, all I can say is gods bless and good luck to you all; dismissed, you'll report to the UNSC \_Leviathan \_for the procedure at 0900,"

With that we went our separate ways, Chief Knuckles sounded strained, almost like that was one of the hardest things he'd had to say to us. I caught up with the Chief and tried to talk to him about it, but he made it clear he didn't want to talk about it and waved me away. I could only speculate on why this was going to be so hard, but I knew that the team was up to it. I told the guys to start getting ready for possible microgravity training, seeing as they were going to do God knew what to us.

\* \* \*

><p>[0900 hour Military standard {date classified} UNSC Flagship  
<em>Leviathan <em>geosynchronized orbit near Mobius' northwest  
continent]

I lay there, in some kind of tube and watched at the needles connected to the blue-gray tubes of chemicals neared my body. I wasn't afraid, not of needles, I was, however, of whatever the hell the ONI saw fit to inject into me. I wasn't told what was going into me but I had a feeling if they took well then I'd be one of the

deadliest ODS in the Corps. Hell, they may as well call us Spartans after this. The needles punctured every marked position on my body and face all at once. Pain. Indescribable pain shot all along my body, right down to my bones. It felt like my insides were being glassed from orbit by these damned things. I looked around, moving only my eyes not daring to try to escape this pain. This was for the Union, damn it, a necessary sacrifice for not only my career, but for the every civilian in the Union and their brother. I shut my eyes trying to put the pain aside. It didn't work. I focused on the rebellion, when this was over they'd pay for this. You might be able to argue that the UNSC did this to me but in an indirect way, the rebels had done this to me, to my team, and to the med techs and DI that trained us. They'd scarred the UNSC with augmented soldiers and their technicians with the burden of having possibly killed the soldiers receiving the treatment. I'd make them pay for that; for all of it. Secrecy too. They'd pay for all of it. A moment later I blacked out and became lost in my thoughts and eventually my dreams.

I was on a beach but not a familiar shore near where I grew up on Mars, but somewhere completely different altogether. I looked around and noticed there was something headed this way, it was beige, and boy was it ugly. I couldn't tell you what it was, but all I knew was this: it wasn't human and it wasn't Covenant either. I tried to run but I felt like I weighed a million kilo's so I instead crashed to the sand, which had turned into hard cement. The beige wall bellowed some kind of war cry before it swallowed me whole.

[UNSC \_Leviathan \_1200 hours. Three days later]

"And as we commit our fallen to the land which they gave their lives to protect we shall not forget them," Knuckles spoke for a podium across from the rest of us, "For their bravery and service goes beyond measure,"

We'd been under sedatives for three days seeing as the chemicals needed time to settle. By the strain on Knuckles voice, his first sign of emotion he'd ever shown to us, I could tell that this wasn't the first time he'd given a funeral detail. The techs deemed us ready to move around but nothing too great; we weren't allowed to go groundside just yet. I looked at the coffins and grimaced of the seven of us left only six had made it through the augmentation process. Wesley hadn't made it. I was the first one to see him before they took him away. His bones were so twisted and mangledâ€¦I'd rather not discuss that right now. With a prayer from the local chaplain and a blessing from Knuckles we sent Wesley to his resting place among the stars. He had no family to speak of so there wasn't a death detail required to take him back to his home planet of Sigma Octanus IV. We brought up our arms for one final salute with the coffin. It wasn't fast but deliberately slow, a regulation for death detail. Wesley's coffin was finally ejected out of the launch bay of the one of the \_Leviathan's \_vacant torpedo bays.

"Thank you for your time," Knuckles said, "Funeral detail concluded,"

I then dismissed the surviving Solars. They awkwardly about faced and left the area. I caught up to the Chief and asked to talk to him privately.

"Is this why you wouldn't answer my question three days ago?" I asked

"We all have dark secrets that we don't like to know," He replied, "This was one of mine,"

That didn't reassure me, I was now wondering what \_else\_ the Chief was keeping from us.

"Get some rest, Pluto, you and the team need to recuperate," He told me.

So that ended with me heading towards the crew quarters. The officers portion was about as wide open as a walk in closet. I hopped into the bunk and folded my hands behind my head and felt something odd. When I looked up to see what I'd hit, I saw nothing. I touched a hand to my head and felt it again. I headed to the showers aft from the bunks and looked in a mirror. My human ears were gone, and replaced with vulpine like ones a top my head. I scratched my temple, this didn't make sense, where the hell did those come from?

I shook my head and dismissed it, maybe this went to all of Solar team. Then again I've been wrong before. As I spun something caught one of the shower's curtains and slapped it open for about a half second. The occupant nearly jumped out of her skin.

"What the hell, Lieutenant!" she shouted at me.

I hadn't seen anything seeing since my back was turned. I looked back to see what had knocked the curtain aside. I looked down and lying at my feet was a matte black and grey furry item. I picked it up and felt something tug at the base of my spine. I turned my attention that way and saw a vulpine tail now seemingly attached to where a normal person's spine would've ended. I flexed the new muscles and it moved in response.

"My apologies ma'am, I'm not used to the tail yet, the damned thing has a mind of it own," I apologized

"Did you see anything?"

"No, my back was turned,"

"Please don't do that again or I will report it,"

"Message received,"

I left the showers and headed back to the bunkroom. I wanted time to process what the hell was had happened to me. I had to admit the look fit me more or less. I'd grown my hair out along the side to cover where there was now just pale skin where my human ears once were. The tail, now that I knew the appendage was there, was easier to control, and locking it was easy enough; I could've marched with this thing since JROTC.

That was positive thinking but that wouldn't save me from the soreness along my back that resulted from denser bones and augmented muscles, which I'd tested to a certain extent. I rolled over in my bunk and tried to catch some sleep. It wasn't hard even if I had been out for three days straight. The soreness made it a bit harder though

but I got over it.

## 9. We mess up Charlie Company

**\*\*A/N: Well guys, here's where the action comes in.\*\***

**\*\*Most of you: Finally!\*\***

**\*\*Don't blame me for the slow build up; I like to do that. It helps me and you to picture my characters better and so that the scene plays more like a home movie. This first op I had an idea for while I was playing capture the flag with some buddies mixed in with a little bit of action I read in Halo: First Strike by Eric Nylund\*\***

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 9\*\***

This was it; the last assignment for the Solar Team before graduation. This was a top honors thing, and if we beat Charlie Company then we got bragging rights and of course the rights to call ourselves true Solars. Though all of us were Solar ODSTs the Chief wanted us to prove that our unit, which was probably the smallest unit in the UNSC Spec ops division, was the best in the Corps. We'd been hot dropped for the first time in almost five months to a remote area known as Green Hills and had an objective to get into Charlie Company's base camp and steal a couple of flags. They had six and the Chief thought that was two too many. So we'd been sent in to not only grab the flags and get to the LZ at the south border of Green Hills but to raise eight kinds of Hell over there. When I asked the Chief why he wanted us to mess with the largest Marine Corp unit the UNSC had, he put it simply.

"Payback," was all he said. I didn't question the echidna, but I was curious as to his beef with them. Ten minutes before the op I saw Lieutenant Colonel Sonic in the drop bay running a few last minute checks on our pods since we had a little time I asked him what Knuckles deal was with Charlie.

"During our training ops," He told me, "A few members of Charlie said he fell down a flight of stairs,"-he scoffed, "Flight of stairs my ass, he was in a one floor building. You'd sympathize for him if you saw him after words, Lieutenant, they beat him within an inch of his life. I told the Platoon Commander about it and he just said that wasn't possible,"

Well that was my answer, and now he was using us for what I guess could be counted as payback. I'd been sitting there in my pod waiting for the go from the bridge. I pulled up the mission briefing for one final check.

Charlie Company is harboring six flags, each from a different division of UNSC Spec Ops. Solar team's objective is to capture the MDODST and Solar flags before extraction at preset coordinates. [Coordinates enclosed].

I closed out of the briefing and decided to run a check on my pod. The heat shield had just been refurbished so I had a feeling it would be fine on reentry. All of my weapons were secured and ready to go, and I had enough ammo to last for three hours of continuous fire. That said I wondered what Rand had armed himself with. He was, as Jun

had said when we met him on Reach two weeks prior, the Jorge of our unit. I could tell you Chase's armament without even looking at his pod, he had an SRS 99D S2 A2 AM Sniper Rifle and an M6 SOCOM Magnum. I also made sure that everyone (save Chase and Tory) had some form of close range gear, I knew we'd need it.

"Team Solar ready to drop," I said via the comms

"Rodger that Solar leader, standby to drop," I heard Captain Prower respond

The others sealed their pods and I followed suit soon after.

"ODST heading downtown," Prower commented

My pod dropped with a sudden blast of acceleration. I felt the gees tugging at me, threatening to tear my pod apart. The heat climbed to forty-five degrees Celsius inside my pod, which was normal, at least the blast shield was holding.

"Solar team; form up," I ordered.

On my pod cameras, past all of the fire that was engulfing my SOEIV I watched them form up into a tight formation.

"All units prep for temporal comm silence, we're entering Mobius' Ionosphere in threeâ€|twoâ€|one,"

The comm blasted to static for a moment then cleared it was quiet.

"Mic check," I said

Five lights flashed on my display. Good the guys' comms weren't affected by the ions.

"Alright RV here once we land, brace for a hard landing Solars," I ordered marking our DZ

My pod rumbled as the atmosphere along the heat shield threatened to bake me alive. As suddenly as we had rocketed away from the Leviathan we hit the dirt. My pod jarred to a stop. My knees buckled and I flew into the front glass of the pod. My helmet lessened the impact though and once again I was thankful for time-tried gear like my helmet. I regained my stance, grabbed hold of my weapons and threw a hard kick at the front of the pod. Now you probably don't know this but ODST SOEIV pods are designed so in the event of a release mechanism failure the occupant can still get out. I raised my leg and smashed my boot into the door, the metal groaned and buckled under the force, with a couple more kicks the front panel of the pod flew a full three meters off of the pod before coming to rest against a tree trunk. I hopped out and scanned the area, something wasn't right, there was a blue glow nearby. Without hesitation I dove aside as a plasma grenade detonated not five meters away from where I was previously standing. My shields glowed yellow for about a second, absorbing most of the shockwave, it however didn't take ALL of it and a thunderclap rolled through me almost throwing me off balance.

"All units, be advised, Charlie Company isn't going to give up those

flags without a fight, be ready for anything." I said via our comms

The guys acknowledged my order and according to my motion tracker, were heading this way. I traced where that grenade had come from and spotted the thrower, a Jackal. It brought its Type 1 PSU up covering its chest and head while at the same time leveling a Type 25 DEP and over charging it. I fired a burst at its exposed legs and it screeched and dropped, I then set my sights on its head but hesitated. This was training exercise wasn't it, so why should I kill it, besides I was using stun rounds. I had to assume that this Kig-Yar in front of me was a rebel and that plasma grenade was real; that's how they trained us. I squeezed the trigger and the Jackal went limp and collapsed. The guys showed up not a moment later and we forged ahead towards the base in the distance.

## 10. I find the enemy under our noses

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 10\*\***

After forging on for almost two hours, we came to a clearing that led to a highway coming from the old city of Mobotopolis. The road led from the city to Charlie's base camp, about six or seven miles up the road. I noticed something; a couple of M12 LRVs were parked along the side of the road nearby. Strange, that Jackal didn't make it seem like transportation to the base would be this easy. That's when the bushes rustled and with my now enhanced vision from augmentation I could make out three figures. I motioned Solar team to get in those vehicles in a very unorthodox fashion. We climbed onto the undercarriage as the members of the company came back and held on until the engines of the two 'Hogs roared to life. They continued on their way to Charlie's base with an added cargo of four augmented ODSTs since we had Chase and Tory back along the roads covering us with sniper support. Rocks and gravel darted from the road peppering my shields and dropping the energy gauge to about half before we stopped. I disabled the system and with the encrypted comms told the others to do the same. I clung tight to the undercarriage until finally the 'Hogs pulled forward and into a vehicle bay. I let go and dropped maybe a foot to the ground. I didn't see anyone else and dared to sneak a peak at the area from underneath the Warthog.

"Clear," I said via comms.

The guys dropped down and took up cover in the shadow of the door near the exit to the vehicle bay.

"Solar-one to UNSC \_Leviathan \_we're inside Charlie Company's base camp due south of Old Mobotopolis," I reported

"Copy that Solar-one, proceed to the drill pad; that's where they're keeping the flags, out,"

I then looked around from the shadows of the vehicle bay and could see directly ahead of us the commander's office. Now if I knew anything about FOBs and I certainly did it was that the commander's office was always center of the base. This wasn't where we wanted to be. I pulled up the grid on my HUD and tried to pin the location of the Drill pad. I failed at it.

"Alpha team to over watch, sit rep," I said via our encrypted channel

"Nothing to report but a shit-ton of contact near the south end of the base, I think that's the drill area, sir," Chase's voice replied.

"Total contact numbers?"

"Hard to say, too much movement,"

"Stay in contact and wait for further instruction, engage contacts at your own risk but stay hidden, we don't want them to know we're here just yet."

"Solid copy, out,"

I motioned Rand and Tanner ahead Christian and I followed close behind. We darted from cover to cover all the while downing anyone that got in the way with a well placed shot from our suppressed stun weapons. Ten agonizingly slow minutes ticked off of my mission's timer before we arrived within thirty meters of the Drill area. I could see the flags; they were guarded by three armed guards each with MA5 rifles. I needed chaos, something to distract these guards and the whole base before we ran in got the flags and bugged the hell out. That's when I got an idea. I motioned the guys back a bit and explained what we were about to do.

"Christian, I want you the head into their main frame and raise all kinds of hell with the systems,"

"Got it, Rand on me," He said.

I motioned Tanner closer to the drill pad and the two of us waited. Else where I knew that Lieutenant Colonel Sonic and Colonel Shadow were watching this op. They were probably watching from the safety of the \_Leviathan \_or their own offices back at CYBER base. What did that matter? I'd like to see them do my jobâ€|sure they were ODDTs but like any officer, when they've been sitting on their asses for x amount of years, they get sloppy. Look at Army Colonel James Ackerson (ret) and tell me otherwise. A moment later I spotted someone heading our way. Tanner and I ducked further into the shadows not wanting to be seen. I watched as the PFC double-timed it to the guards around the flag. They spoke for a moment but didn't budge. I think it was about then that something (and I've got no clue what) blew the hell up. I spun towards one of the hangers for the vehicles and saw nothing but a raging inferno over there, the ball of flames had to be a kilometer high with a black-as-night smoke stack to match; that was our queue. The three guards rushed to aid those who'd been caught in the resulting fire and once they'd passed we rushed and stripped the flags right off of their posts. With not much time to go I quickly folded up the Solar division and the MDDST divisions with Tanner's help and we bolted for it. As we made our way to the gate Rand and Christian rendezvoused with us close to the gate, I sighted on the guard and took him out with a suppressed round. A second later though I knew our cover was blown, a sniper round sailed over my head and struck a pursuing guard dead center mass. The Corporal clutched the afflicted area and fell trying to catch his breath. I motioned the others to make a run for the exit while I took care of the

gate.

"Alpha team to Sniper-one, we've been compromised, provided sniper support until we exit then meet up at LZ Bravo," I said via comms, "how's copy, over?"

"Solid copy Alpha team, RV at LZ Bravo once your outside, out,"

I hit a few switches and opened the gate. The four of us made a dead sprint as the members of Charlie struggled to figure out what the hell just happened. Between the explosion and the members who knew of our presence out cold from well placed stun rounds I highly doubt they'd figure it out very quickly. About five minutes dead sprint away from the base the four of us dove off of the road and back into the camouflage of the woods. We slowed up knowing that they couldn't follow us this far. I motioned everyone to LZ Bravo, about a half click east of here. So we moved out.

Sure it only took us fifteen or so minutes to get to the LZ but once we did, it was routine, check if the LZ was clear of targets and sure enough it was. That didn't mean we dropped our guard. Chase sighted down his Oracle scope and reported movement in the trees.

"Are they Charlie?" I asked

"Yes sir—and boy are they pissed," he said.

That quote would be the last thing I hear from Chase for a while. As a matter of fact that was the last time I'd hear anything from anyone on my team for a while. The air suddenly filled with rounds and Chase took two in the chest. The man doubled over but stood firm from on the ground and drew an M6D Magnum.

"Contact three o'clock!" I shouted and fired.

Bullets peppered all around me and the remaining members of Solar team, Rand brought up his M9 support weapon and the barrels spun for about half a second before. I added to the cover fire to the mix while ordering the guys to get Chase aboard the evac bird. The bird arrived ten minutes later, and we were still in the middle of a firefight. Rand's M9 clacked.

"I'm out!" Rand shouted

Tory jumped onto the bird and with some help from Tanner pulled Chase aboard. Rand and Christian followed the Tanner jumped aboard. I lay down some more cover fire and finally motioned the bird away, even though I was still on the ground. The bird took off and I bolted away from the LZ as rounds from the hidden Charlie Company stitched a trail after me.

I hadn't run that far but in the short amount of time that I had full out sprinted from the LZ I managed to lose them. I checked my six, there was no one. After a moment to slow up reload and catch my breath, I risked opening the UNSC E-band.

"Exfil, this is Solar-one, do you copy?"

Static was all I got as far as responses go.



"Exfil do you copy?"

Nothing but static.

I opened up the TACMAP and to my surprise there was nothing but a blank screen. Now when this happens you're probably in one of two situations. Situation A: A nuke has just dropped and now the entire area with a certain distance of the detonation has just gone dark. Situation B: you've entered a dark zone most likely created by a Covenant Pylon hiding a base camp for a strike force—or as it happened on Reach an "invading army" as Spartan 266 put it. I proceeded further into the dark zone; it was now my responsibility to figure out why this area was a big ball of static on the TACMAP.

"Exfil, if you can hear this, I've located some sort of dark zone within three clicks of FOB Charlie, I'm going in,"

I didn't have any intentions of making contact with the enemy if they were here. But as I proceeded further into the dark zone I noticed the sheer volume of Covenant and human patrols around me. I'd seen patrol parties before but these took the cake. I'd come within spitting distance of Grunt and Jackal patrols and had almost been spotted by a Hunter Kill Team. A scream sounded over head and caused me to almost jump out of my skin. I looked to the sky and what I saw was a flight of Banshees circling over head clearly on patrol. How the hell had \_this \_slipped in without being noticed. I proceeded deeper in and came to a cliff. Over the edge was a valley easily fifty kilometers long and double that wide. I made sure to get footage of this with my helmet cam.

"Exfil, alert all forces, insurgents have been spotted within three click of Mobotopolis, Charlie Company may be compromised, multiple hostiles detected, they have air support and armor."

With a squint my HUD scoped in to X5 zoom, in the distance what I previously thought was Frozo Mountain was in fact a Covenant supercarrier; its grave beam sent armor and supply crates to the surface along with their escorts, humans, Elites, Jackals, and scores of Grunts. If that army wanted to they could take Mobius without so much as breaking a sweat. I wasn't even sure my message got through but after I sent it I bolted away from the area and ran into a more immediate problem. I'm not sure if it had already seen me or if it was because I had other things on my mind, but the next thing I knew I had a very iconic defensive armament slapped in my face. The Hunter turned and billowed in rage, its armor was crimson red, something the rebels had done to tell the difference between their Hunters from the Loyalist Hunters. This thing lifted its arms for a crushing blow but I rolled out of the way as plumes of dirt shot half a meter into the sky where I'd once been. I jumped to my feet and booked it away from the Hunter. It yelled some kind of deep roar, what I could only think was some kind of war cry and gave chase.

Now I believe I've said this before but I've killed at least one of every Covenant troop before but in this situation, I didn't stand a chance. I kept the pace up but after a second I had to skid to a halt. In front of me was a very beautiful scene, there was a clear view of a sheer cliff easily 300 meters tall. Cascading over the edge was a waterfall that poured gallons of water over the edge and out of view into a shroud of mist. I assessed the drop from the side I was

on at easily 250 meters to the water below, maybe more depending on how thick the mist was. It's amazing how much you recall when you think you're about to die. I nearly slipped off of the edge but maintained my footing. The Hunter emerged from the brush like it was the Red Death. I took a step back, not because I was reminded of the Edgar A Poe short story but because this Red Death was packing enough heat to wipe out a squad of ODSTs and enough pseudo muscles to tear a fully armored human in two. The fuel rod cannon leveled and warmed lime green then discharged a single shell. I ducked right and the shot arched towards the cliff face and vanished into the mist.

"You are quick, infidel," the Hunter remarked, "But be assured I'll make your death as quick and as painless as possible."

I was in no mood to stick around, and in desperation I fired my rifle on full auto. The beast turtle behind his shield as rounds sparked off his armor and shield. I knew it was useless to try this but that wasn't what I was trying to do, I tossed the rifle at the beast and jumped.

Okay I know what you're thinking, I just got myself killed and as you read this I'm plummeting to my death or something. No. I righted myself and waited as I fell. After a second or two the mist cleared, I could see the water glistening blue beneath me approximately 100 meters below. This for a normal person would've been a fatal fall, but I'm not exactly a normal person. I pointed my feet and crossed my arms like I had just dived off of a Pelican into water. Sploosh! I clawed my way to the surface and looked back, the water was salty of all things; this must've been the Rollo Ocean, which was due south of the old Acorn Empire. I opened the TACMAP and located an island not 200 meters to the northeast. I swam that way. As I pulled myself out of the water I looked around, no contacts. I checked myself, I still had the MDODSTs flag in my tac-case. It was soaking wet but otherwise intact.

"Exfil, this is Solar-one, do you copy?" I keyed over the comm

"Exfil to Solar one, we copy,"

"Finally a good connection, listen I'm approximately three kilometers due east of LZ Charlie I need evac NOW!"

"Solid copy Solar-one ETA two minutes,"

I guaranteed you that Colonel Shadow was about to give me eight kinds of hell for dropping off of the grid. Even so, I think my discovery of the hidden enemy camp about five kilometers east of FOB Charlie outweighed whatever I'd supposedly done wrong.

## 11. The CYBER Blitz

\*\*A/N: Holy crap, can any of you guys tell me how long it's been since I updated this one? If so please do. I put this story on Hiatus I'm not sure when but now it's back. I hope you guys like long chapters because this one is pretty long and for your patience you deserve it. So RR&R (Read Review and Relax).\*\*

\*\*Solar ODST Ch 11\*\*

"Run it by me one more time Lieutenant," Shadow said annoyed, "When did this mission go wrong and when did you almost get yourself killed by a red-armored Hunter?"

For probably the fifth time I explained in full detail what happened up to jumping off of a cliff into the Rollo Ocean.

"And what's your analysis of this?"

"Sir, with a strength like that right in Charlie's backyard, I say we alert Charlie and go on the offensive,"

"I'll alert Brigadier General Thorndyke and our liaisons, one thing's for sure they aren't going to like this, get your team and prep for immediateâ€¦"

It was around then that something went BOOM, and scared the hell out of us; though if you asked the Colonel he sure as hell wouldn't admit it. The two of us rushed outside and to our amazement we'd been targeted instead of FOB Charlie. A plasma lance struck dangerously close to me and I ducked back into the shadow of the door as heat pin-pricked along my hands and face. Shadow was opposite me, crouching to make himself a smaller target.

"Contact two o' clock, a Grunt a with plasma pistol," he said.

After a few seconds the building shook violently, the ceiling exploded into shrapnel as a lance of lime plasma burst through and detonated. In a bright flash, the ceiling panels either vaporized or shattered and their remains were scorched black. The resulting hole in the roof showed clear blue skies for about half a second before I determined the cause of the blast. Banshees. I could tell when the two purple craft flashed passed overhead at just under Mach 1. I poked out once again and spotted a pair of Brutes rallying the Grunts as well as Jackal Rangers. I could tell they were Rangers because instead of the ordinary Type 23 DEP and Type 1 PSU, they carried Type 31 NR. Shadow motioned me towards him and a moment later he explained that the troops would more than likely head for the armory and that's where we would go.

"Do we have any squads out on patrol?" I asked

"Not that I'm aware, and if they are we need to recall them ASAP, I'll head to the comn station and try to raise them, get to the armory, rally those troops and make the rebels regret attacking us," Shadow said.

"Got it, give 'em hell Colonel,"

The only thing I saw at that point was a wicked fanged smile on Shadow's face. In a quick motion a spear of light lashed out of Shadow's hand and flew towards the enemy squad ahead of us. In a flurry of light and heat the squad vanished. I was about to ask what the heck that was but Shadow dashed ahead at easily Mach 1 before I could even get the thought out. Not wanting to disobey orders and have to deal with his razor tongue, I dashed towards the armory and found that most of the troops were already there holding off more invaders. I noticed that most of them weren't Marine regulars; in fact just about everyone on base were ODST, ONI, or SPARTAN. A red

lance of super-heated death fired over my head and splashed over a Hunter that would've killed me had I sat there a second longer. I didn't wait a millisecond longer, and at full speed I rushed for the armory and was greeted by a few others. I rushed inside and pulled on my armor. Chief Knuckles had, three days ago, given Max back to me, so when I pulled on my helmet I felt a flow of mercury in my subconscious and the circuits of my armor and a hint of vertigo as I slid his chip into my helmet.

"Hello Pluto, it is currently 1502 hours on December theâ€¦" Max started but I cut him off

"Bring Solar team online Max, I don't need a time update," I barked

"Yes Lieutenant,"

Solar Team's tags showed on my HUD, after a few minutes I grabbed a BR55HC, the newest model for the weapon, an M6 SOCOM side arm and a Type 3 EW/BK; Covey tech in need of field testing, though I usually don't like ballistic knives.

"Chief, can you hold down the fort?" I asked

Knuckles nodded

"Solar Team, meet me near the track in two minutes," I said over the comms already heading that way.

Five lights winked back at me in response.

Later I met them as designated and shortly after we came under fire from a patrol there, if it hadn't been for our superior tech and some support from Lieutenant Silver and his squad we'd have been roasted.

"Alright Solar team listen up," I said as we stayed in cover, "I want Chase and Tory in those hills over there, Tanner Rand Christian on me we're..."

The comms cut me off, "This is Misfit two-three, Captain Miles has been captured! We're pinned down over by the runway, any units in the area we need fire support ASAP!"

I sighed, "We're going to help those troopers, if the Brutes escape with Miles we'll be in a hell of a pinch, let's move Solar Team!"

"Oorah!"

As Solar Team separated, I spotted Shadow heading into the hills where I'd sent Tory and Chase.

"All active CYBER units, this is Solar one," I keyed over comms, "Captain Miles has been taken hostage by enemy fire team near the runway, all units in the vicinity respond as per Cole Protocol section seven subsection five,"

"Captain Zero copies," came one reply

"Solar Recon one copies"

"Hunter three-six solid copy,"

When I looked back to where Shadow was a moment ago, he'd vanished. I assumed nothing really, Shadow could handle himself. The four of us got moving heading towards the air field encountering at least five fire teams along the way, mostly Grunts nothing we couldn't handle. I know that besides the tunnel vision from getting suppressed a couple of times by Brutes with Spike Rifles I'll never forget this transmission. It came over the channels while we were in the middle of a firefight with a squad of Jackals with carbines.

"This is Colonel Shadow; armory be advised, Lieutenant Rose and I are coming in hot, all units prepare for immediate counter attack," was how it started followed by someone in the back ground yelling, "Contact!" then that whirring sound the Hunter's Fuel Rod Cannon gives off when its fired. A loud explosion nearly shattered my ear drum. I heard someone struggling to catch their breath then an agonizing scream.

"Shadow! I'm hit!" Amy's voice shouted.

I cursed under my breath, "Lieutenant Blaze, get the base commander to the armory NOW! We can NOT afford to lose him,"

"Already on it Solar-one!" Blaze replied, she sounded like she was in the middle of barking an order, "Spartan get over there and get the Colonel the hell out of there!"

Tanner Rand Christian and I headed towards the hanger. The Brute opened fire on us a moment after and the four of us dropped into a crouch before returning fire. I scored a couple of hits but ultimately it was Rand who stole all the glory. He could have it. Killing shit was not our mission, rescuing Miles was. We started to push forward but at the site of a Type 52, we scrambled for cover.

"Well fan-fucking-tastic!" Tanner cursed poking out and firing a blind shot with his shotgun, though at this range I didn't think he had a very good chance at hitting the operator.

"Kill those half-bloods!" some Grunt shouted.

I peered over my cover and spotted a squad of Brutes heading our way.

"Enemy squad heading right for us!" I shouted.

Christian pulled the pin on a frag grenade and tossed it around me and the devise rolled to the squad's feet. After a moment, the little thing exploded and a loud blood curdling scream resonated through out that whole area, though to be honest we hadn't even made it inside so how loud it really was I couldn't tell you. I used the smoke cloud that resulted for a split second and fired three bursts. I can tell you right now...I missed my target because of the smoke. You ever hear the phrase Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned? Well Hell hath no fury like a Type 52 ripping holes in your armor! I was blasted back on my butt, my armor was melting I could smell that much, and my shields were down too. I slowly crawled back to cover

only to have a shot graze my shoulder. That ballistic armor even with the with hardened plates that MJOLNIR had didn't provide much protection from the burns that resulted on my shoulder.

"Okay Lieutenant, time for a plan B," Christian said.

"Solar three, can you see us from your vantage?" I asked wincing from the burn.

"Stand by..." Chase's voice responded.

"I've got eyes on Chase," I heard Tory add, "New target, hanger doorway, three hundred yards out, elevation minus fifteen feet, winds at one and a half knots, three total targets,"

"I see them,"

"Well if your through talking sniper we could use a little..." Tanner was cut off when a series of bullets ripped through one of the Grunts and then through his buddy and a plasma battery that exploded. I heard plenty of screams from around the corner and could only guess that the plasma battery had wounded or killed whoever was back there.

"...support..." Tanner's voice wasn't very loud, a normal human wouldn't have heard but half-bloods or yokos, as we're referred to by most every otaku in the galaxy, could've heard that easily. We pushed inside.

"Solar Recon, keep vigil on us, we're inside the hanger and are searching for the Captain,"

"Got it,"

It was quiet for a moment as we moved silently into the hanger searching the rooms around it before going into to where the aircraft were actually kept. I couldn't stand the silence much more so I called in.

"Blaze, how're things at the Armory?"

"Holding steady," she replied.

"What the Old Hedgehog's status?"

"He and Lieutenant Rose are here, they just barely made it though. Amy's hurt pretty bad and Shadow's pissed off again. He's killed everything that he doesn't dub friendly over here, take it from a girl whose seen him pissed, you don't want to get in his way."

"Try to assist as much as possible, get Amy immediate medical treatment, we're almost to Captain Miles location,"

"Hurry up and save the cowards ass and get back here, I'm not sure how much longer we can hold this place,"

"CYBER won't fall, you can bet your life on that,"

"Give 'em Hell Lieutenant, Blaze out,"

With that we continued deeper into the hanger. I could feel my anxiety building as I passed a Saber fighter, and not too much later I heard a voice behind one of the doors.

"Where's the data?" it demanded.

I caught wind of someone spitting at the other before saying, "Go to Hell!"

I signaled the team to halt and form up.

"Recon this is Solar-one," I keyed, "I think we've located the Captain. Give me a thermal sweep, over,"

There was silence for a moment before Chase replied, "I've got a clean shot through the window, Colonel Sonic is up here with Commander Acorn as his spotter, we've got eyes on five hostiles in the room. Recommend a breach and clear, over,"

"Set up a Sync-snipe with the Colonel, I've heard the deputy's a damned good shot, time for him to prove it, take out two of the guards we'll handle the rest,"

"Alright but if things go south I'm blowing that fox's head off,"

My brow arched at that comment, wasn't Miles the only fox in the room? I heard a loud smack then something fell over inside.

"You just loved being stubborn Tails, it was always like you," I could tell now that the voice was female. I'd never heard of a female Brute before, nor had I seen one but I deduced that this wasn't a Brute. An Elite maybe? But since when do Elite females come to war?

"And it kept you from getting us all killed at Earth didn't it?"

"Truth was wrong to fight the Mobians Tails, but I, however, am no fool when it comes to my own race."

\_Your own race huh? \_I thought, "Well let's see how she handles this," I motioned to the guys to set up for a breach. Rand set a charge on the door while Tanner and Christian took up flanking posts on either side, I hung back crouched next to Rand. I had flashbangs ready.

"Alright Chase we're ready, take the shot then give us the go," I ordered over the comn.

"Got it, count off from ten seconds on my mark," Chase replied then paused, "Three, two, one. Mark."

So we started counting, at about nine we heard two shots fired and two agonizing scream.

"Breach the door!" I ordered.

Rand set the charge off and I primed the grenades and tossed them in the open door way. After we heard them explode Tanner and Christian stormed in and took the Brutes down with no trouble. I had my weapon

pointed and was checking the room but we were a bit late. The vixen that had been beating up on Miles had her back turned, so she wasn't blinded. She also had what looked like an old shotgun pointed at Miles.

"Drop the gun or he dies!" she barked.

I found myself lowering my weapon.

"Chase...we've got a situation here," I whispered.

"On it, I can have a shot in five seconds."

"Now you're going to escort me off base with this little bastard or I'll kill you and everyone on this base am I clear?"

"Who are you exactly?" I found myself asking.

"Fiona Fox at your services, but that's all I'm telling you, now honey I would get to escorting if I were you,"

"Don't listen to here Pluto!" Miles shouted, "She a rebel leader, she won't hold her..."

Fiona smacked Miles with the barrel of her weapon, the Captain jarred over and fell to the ground, "I thought I said for you to shut up!"

"All I heard you asking about was some kind of data,"-about now I was wondering where the hell that cooked up shot was.

"This doesn't concern you Mr. Pluto. And just what the hell kind of name is Pluto anyway?"

I smirked, "It's the Roman god of death!"

I flashed my light blue and the glass shattered from behind Fiona, she dropped to the ground screaming as blood exploded out of her shin and splattered to the tile floor. She tensed and squeezed the shotgun's trigger firing a wild shot into the light fixture above our heads. Glass came raining down on us but it bounced harmlessly off of our armor.

"Get the Captain to his feet." I ordered.

Christian helped Miles to his feet.

"Blaze, sit rep," I ordered.

"Enemy forces have been repelled, I've sent a few search and destroy teams to trace them, we'll have their camps destroyed in no time."

"Call them back, we can worry about them later,"

"And just who the hell put you in charge of this base?" Shadow's voice cut in.

"We're going to need every asset we can get, sending those search and destroy teams will weaken our forces here, if they come back we won't



be able to hold our ground."

"Point taken,"

I grabbed Fiona, whom was screaming in pain, and looked to Miles he had a gash on his head the was bleeding but wasn't deep from what I could see he also had a bruise on his cheek and his uniform was a bit cut up, "What do we do with her?"

"Take her to medical, she not a threat anymore, she a POW that we can get some intel out of," Miles replied walking out of the room.

"You wouldn't get a fucking thing out of me!"

"Yeah, yeah, that's what they all say," I said

"Then after about ten minutes of discomfort, you rebel types sing like little birdies," Rand said, I could here the anti-hero in his voice.

Fiona gulped and she was right to, our interrogations weren't violent but they weren't pleasant either I should know, they simulated one for me during my training here.

## 12. I meet Sally Acorn

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 12\*\***

Don't you just hate people that complain too much? Since Chase had incaped Fiona; Miles Tanner Rand Christian and I were forced to deal with her griping ass the whole way back to the armory. She'd been pounding against my armor since I'd picked her up, granted she was wounded but that's not the point. She wasn't complaining about her wounds, she was complaining about how we'd rue the day we ever fucked with her, to which Rand responded...

"We'll rue? Do you have any idea who \_you're \_fucking with?" his voice wasn't kind in tone at all. It didn't surprise me that Rand hated all rebels, they had killed his family after all. For full details on that one I couldn't tell you. You'd have to find Sergeant...well now Major Rand (ret.) and ask him yourself. We kept heading towards the armory, and when we got there it was very quiet minus the sounds of occasional gun shots for small skirmishes way off in the distance. For the most part the CYBER Blitz as it would later be called, was over. I found a medic and told Christian to hand over Fiona to him.

"What do we do with her sir?" the lupine asked, I could tell he was asking Captain Miles.

"Treat her wound then keep her in the brig, I'll be along shortly,"

"Yes sir,"

As they took her away I started to go around and see who was hurt and who really needed assistance, I could treat minor stuff but nothing above a dislocated or broken bone. I moved among a few Marines and eventually I found Lieutenant Rose.

"How you holding up ma'am?"

Amy grimaced as she tried to sit up.

"Don't push yourself ma'am, just relax,"

Amy was hurt pretty bad, and all too soon I remembered that transmission from Shadow earlier about he and Amy coming into the armory while under fire. I quickly looked at her side, her hand covered a majority of the wound but I could see that her NBU was no match for the Hunter's Assault Beam, it had ripped through the cloth like a blowtorch through paper, there was blood welling from between her fingers and the pink fur I could see wasn't pink anymore, it was charred black and still glowing green with radiation. I kept myself from gasping thankfully but I couldn't stop the next thought from popping into my head. It's a tad messed up to think this way now that I think about it but here's the thought. \_I wouldn't be surprised if she got cancer from this. \_It's a horrible thought I know, she's my superior and my boss's significant other, so thinking that was not a good thing, plus after the war, we ended up becoming really good friends, I still chat with her and Shadow on Skype every now and then. What got me worried though during that day was when she went limp and fell over, I caught her of course just in time for Shadow to exit the armory having refilled his ammo supply.

"Medic!" I shouted.

A corpsman who are basically the same thing as medics sprinted to us and assessed Amy's health.

"She's okay, just exhausted from the day's work plus coping with that wound, she should be fine, I just have to..."

"Get on with it you damned chatterbox!" Shadow spat. I could see why and I guess the corpsman knew also the relation between Shadow and Amy because he quickly got back to work. Amy was put on a stretcher and moved to the infirmary where Shadow followed. I moved on to the next guy and found that he'd already passed away. I wish I could've known him, he was a Corporal, but that's all I really remember. His eyes were open so I shut them. Chief Knuckles approached not too long after and knelt down next to the fallen Marine then said something in another language that I don't recall even in the slightest bit.

"What was that Chief?" I asked

"A last rites thing," he replied, "He's in the hands of Chaos now,"

I nodded, Chaos was the Mobian deity and I've never been one to argue religion before so I just let it slide.

"I can't believe the forces the rebels managed to muster up." Knuckles said after a moment of silence.

"Neither can I sir,"

"This fight isn't over, the rebels will pay for every last human and Mobian killed here today,"

I rose to my feet, "There's no use crying over spilled milk Chief, let's get this place cleaned up and battle ready again,"

(The following day)

I had my head bowed, we'd just committed the remains of our fellow servicemen and women, human and Mobain alike, to the stars. We were on the UNSC Leviathan again and after a quick prayer from the Chaplain and Knuckles the funeral hearing was dismissed and our men were allowed to morn for their losses. As a Marine...well as an ODST I don't show too much emotion at times. Some even go so far as to ask me if I'm half Spartan, but I'm not. To be half Spartan would be an honor in itself, but I was no where near that caliber, I was just your average yoko...sort of and leader of a squad of yokos called team SOLAR. So it is safe to say I'm kind of a hard ass since I don't show much emotion. Shadow was the same way, a total hard ass, but he had a teddy bear inside him. I could tell that he was like that while around Amy, that side of him that he can't show otherwise people might think he's weak.

Shadow is NOT weak, if you call the Old Hedgehog weak, you're asking to be put six feet under. What I never noticed though while I was at that funeral was Colonel Sonic. He was a full bird now, and Chase was now a Gunnery Sergeant. I'm guessing their skills didn't go unnoticed.

"Lieutenant Pluto?" someone called.

Sometimes I wish I hadn't turned around, who knows things may have been different, but I did and standing there was a one star General. I saluted so fast that Sonic's head would've spun had I done it any faster. The General returned it and motioned me to follow with him Shadow and Sonic.

"We need to have you debriefed, all of you," he said.

"General, with respect, could it wait or do ONI spooks have your hands tied?"

When he didn't reply, I thought I'd said the wrong thing but he looked at me and said, "You know how those damned ghosts are, you think you know all their tricks then they pull something out of their asses that surprises the hell out of you,"

"So you're tied sir?"

"In a way,"

"General Thordyke, I don't believe you're at leave to discuss anything within the ONI that isn't declassified," said an approaching voice.

I looked up to see the chocolate brown squirrel that was Commander Sally Acorn approaching, she had ONI spook written all over her, and even though I had to salute her, it didn't mean I liked her. Sonic, however, was another story entirely.

"Hey Sal!" he greeted, "How ya been?"

Sally's gaze hardened as if she were unimpressed by the Colonel, "I've been better, Sonic, can we try to keep this professional?"

"Sure thing, Commander,"

"So I'm not at leave to discuss my opinion on the brass that you, Commander, work for to a Lieutenant whom is probably never going to see it spoke of again?" Thorndyke's voice was notably hostile, but not so much to where any average Marine could pick it up. Sally, however, I would learn was no average Marine, in fact, she was Navy. ONI to add to it.

"Your opinion on how we run things is not my concern, I was under the impersonation that you were discussing tier one classified information under Zulu level security,"

"Not in a million years,"

"Good,"

That wasn't right. I'd never seen a Brigadier General put down and belittled by a Navy Commander or by any ONI spook for that matter. Whoever Sally was or what she had done in her years must've given her a hell of a lot of leeway among flag officers. But you've probably already figured out that I have pretty big mouth.

"What gives you leave to talk down on a flag officer Commander?" I spat.

"Hey, watch your tone with me Lieutenant, in a heart beat I could make those bars disappear,"

"Then take them, it wouldn't matter if I was a Private I'd still say the same damned thing straight to your face, Thorndyke is a flag officer, I think he deserves a bit more respect then that,"

Sally's eye ridge arced at me, it was like she was confused as to where I was coming from. So what I said next couldn't be helped.

"Is this whole concept of a chain-of-command new to you Commander?"

"Answer your own question Lieutenant?" Sonic said, he was clearly taking Sally's side.

When I noticed that I rolled my eyes, "You're just like Master Sergeant Buck Sonic, do yourself a favor and put a little service before self when your through fooling yourself that she's even got clue what she's doing here after this place just went from an ONI base to a rebel target,"

"I know my mission perfectly well Lieutenant,"

"Then show a little humility for the Brigadier General here and maybe you could learn something,"

"Alright that's enough," Thorndyke cut in, "If the ONI spook doesn't respect me as a General then that's fine with me, I don't honestly care, but I will not have my officers arguing about petty things when

we have a war to fight,"

I nodded, "Yes sir,"

Sonic did the same but Sally just grunted and stalked away.

After that it was quiet and finally I looked at Sonic, there was grief in his eyes, almost like he actually liked her.

"The Sergeant Buck comment was uncalled for Lieutenant,"

"She's a spook, sir, I don't trust them. They're more likely to put a bullet in your back, in your brother's back and in your mama's back before they figure out what really matters, and that's two things if I've learned anything in my years in this military."

"What exactly is that?"

"One is that your mission comes first, all the time every time. Two is that your subordinates are the future since more than likely they're all younger than you are, get them out; as many as you can even if you have to die trying to do it,"

"That's some bold thinking Pluto. And how many operations have you been in?"

"Almost every major ground engagement since Jericho, and some. I was even in London when the terrorists bombed Big Ben."

Sonic didn't reply, it was almost like he was thinking I had seen too much.

"What about you sir?" I asked.

"I've been in both Battles of Earth, been to Mobius for the SWAT bot Rebellion, been to the Ark, and to Eridnas when they had that whole hostage situation go down."

"So just to ask, who do you think knows more about ground combat and what it can do to people who don't know what the fuck they're doing? Sally or me?"

"Nothing against Sally, I love her to death, but probably you,"

"Damn right,"

"While we're on the subject of ground conflict, Lieutenant we need you debriefed,"

"Yes sir,"

I followed him to the debriefing room inside of the barracks. I didn't like that one, and you'll see why soon enough just turn the freaking page.

\*\*A/N: I like to make you feel like you're reading an actual book in case no one picked that up. Next chapter may take a bit to do because I've got school stuff plus I'll be job hunting this weekend, so good luck all, and reviews are appreciated.\*\*

### 13. Post debrief

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 13\*\***

I've always found debriefs unnerving, especially when you see something that no one should have to see. Stuff like people dying or getting maimed that kind of thing. Here's something more unsettling than that: ONI debriefs. Yeah, if you can find something worse than an ONI debrief, I will buy you a drink of your choice. Of course if you're reading this it means that either A: I'm retired or B: I'm dead and someone else finished this for me. If its B then thanks Shadow. Anyway, what unnerves me about ONI debriefs. First is the dark rooms, you can't see a damned thing without night vision. Second is that everything discussed is classified, luckily by the time you read this all the information you've read will be declassified to the public. I hate hiding shit so some spook can cover their ass for either some promotion they don't deserve, or for political gain. The last thing that unnerves me about ONI debriefs really isn't all that bad, but it's the waiting room. At CYBER base, they had a name for it: Hell's waiting room. Catholics will tell you that's purgatory, but I'm telling you now, purgatory's got jack shit on Hell's waiting room. You're waiting to get spammed with questions by humans and Mobians with enough power to see you shot out of an airlock in some backwater system and then some to cover it up and say you never existed. Yeah, there are guys like that, and I despise every last one of them with the exception of one, and she and I still don't get along that well.

So there I am. Waiting...waiting...and can you guess? Yep...more waiting. Chase had just left the debrief room, he didn't look too good, but he did look more battle-hardened then he ever did before.

"You alright?" I asked.

Chase nodded, "Good luck in there man,"

I was admitted right after, but here's the thing; I'm not allowed to discuss this kind of thing normally, but I am allowed to tell you that there was a panel of six brass, each O-6 and higher, they asked me stuff, I answered the stuff they asked regarding the troops that went missing, Shadow's semi-private life, my beef with Commander Acorn, Miles' hostage situation and a few other things and that it was very dark in that room. It won't be until after I've finished writing this story that the intel will be declassified, so now I'd wager you can pretty much go online and figure out what was discussed if you've ever heard of the CYBER Blitz 2559.

When I got out though is where I can talk about. I got out of there and almost got blinded by the sudden new invention that those guys had never heard of called light. Chase was sitting in a chair, on his data pad, I think he was playing Temple Run, Christian was twiddling his thumbs Rand wasn't in the room and Tanner and Tory were talking quietly about Miles and Fiona.

"So you really believe he fell for her?" I said coming back into the room

Tanner looked up at me, "C'mon LT, it's completely obvious."

"I've seen this before Pluto, it's so obvious a blind person could see it," Tory added.

"But we don't know if he has or not,"

"We don't know if who has what?" another voice cut in

Out of the debriefing room Captain Zero entered. Zero was pretty cool, he was Colonel Shadow's son, at 18, he and a team of renegades, which he turned into temporary soldiers, saved Mobius on multiple occasions. The kid's now 28 and a Captain already. Of course he's MDODST so it's not surprising that's he's such a young officer.

"Just some stupid gossip that my subordinates are talking about, sir, nothing I really care for,"

"If it's about Captain Prower I know what you mean."

I have to say, if you ever get the chance to talk to Captain...well he's a Lieutenant Colonel now...but yeah if you ever get to actually sit down with Zero and chat with him, DO IT! He's got some pretty interesting stories about the adventures he had with the team of renegades. He's told me about the Black Hand incident on Mobius that jumped him from the Union to Soleanna to the demon realm to here on Angel Island and back. The dual space blitz, which was pretty damned crazy and whole bunch of other things he's done.

"She didn't..."I said.

"Yep," Zero insisted, "Kissed the lucky fucker right in the middle of the fight,"

"And this Suigin guy let her?"

"Yeah, I thought it was kinda funny, he's over there kissing his princess girlfriend while I'm over here getting my ass slammed into the ground. I busted my leg in a couple of places after it was over."

"What a dick..."

"No...Suigin did something pretty damned crazy after that, it was like the feel of Skye's lips gave him like a power boost or something, but that yoko ended up stabbing himself through the stomach and Chaos himself in the head before using the force from that to throw him towards the TDG,"

"He survived?"

"Yeah...I thought you would know how tough yokos are,"

"I wasn't always a yoko remember,"

"Right...you used to be a human,"

I was tempted to turn that into a really old joke involving old school arrows but I decided against it.

"But yeah that guy's told me stories of his fights with Alec, and Alec believes himself a vampire, but I never believed him. Of course that wasn't until I saw him drain a Black Arms completely dry,"

"So..."

"Suigin lost an arm fighting Alec one time,"

"Wait a minute...you said he dual wielded what looked like gunblades from that game Final Fantasy, how could he if he only had one arm?"

"He told us it took him two weeks of excruciating pain but he grew it back,"

"No offense to you sir but bull shit,"

"I could always get him over here and you could say that to his face...provided he doesn't kick it off first,"

I opened my mouth to argue that that wasn't possible by any means, but I thought better of it and shut my mouth right after.

"He told us yokos have a very adept healing that basically makes them immortal with out them actually being immortal. If you take his head off, oh yeah he's dead, or if you stab him through the heart then yeah he's dead but anything else he can recover from, it'll just take a while depending on the injury,"

"Ah..."

"Yeah like before we went to fight Chaos, he got the ever living crap burnt out of his arms, it took him the rest of the night and the next two days for them to heal enough to where he could use him, about a month to heal the scars that were left after."

"Wow,"

Zero stood, "Well I've gotta go, the brass is trying to send me to Jericho but I'm going to play em so I can stay here, just remember you didn't hear me say that,"

I smirked, my ears drooped with feigned ignorance, "Heard you say what sir?"

Zero chuckled and left.

I waited there for a moment then when I'd thought about leaving the door opened and I saw six men exit.

"Room At-ten-HUT!" I barked and everyone jumped up to attention, the men exiting were all at least O-6 or higher, the highest were a Vice Admiral and a Lieutenant General.

The three highest left without a word, they clearly didn't want to talk. I noticed that the forth was Colonel Ackerson, the so-called father of the ODSs, the guy plays politics way too much. He left too without saying a word.



"As you were," Shadow finally said, he and the last of the six, stayed. We all relaxed, I don't think I've ever seen brass look so pissed off before.

"I trust everything is going well for the Solars Lieutenant," That was Miles' voice.

"We're doing well, sir," I replied, "And you?"

"I've been better," Miles sat down.

Shadow grunted in agreement, "Have you seen Sonic at all?"

"No sir, not since I met him in the mess this morning,"

"I thought you saw him at the funeral hearing?"

"That was yesterday, sir,"

Shadow looked like he was about to protest but he stopped and corrected himself, "No you're right, my mistake,"

"So how's our POW doing?" I heard Rand ask, he'd just come out of the restroom.

"She's a tough one," Shadow admitted, "But I think we'll break her soon,"

"I'm telling you Colonel you're wasting your time," Miles said.

I caught something, the look on his face spoke volumes, I couldn't help but wonder if he was sympathizing with the enemy.

"Why do you say that Captain? Did you conveniently forget that she \_led the assault against us\_?"

Miles looked down at his feet.

"Why they made such a little kid a full bird I'll never know. Then again I didn't joint the Navy did I? I guess that's just how the Navy works, you're underestimating our ability to break prisoners,"

Miles didn't reply.

"So now what?" Tanner asked, "Do we have any new assignments?"

"As of now, no, you six have my permission to leave the station, you certainly have earned a little down time."

I stretched, "Well, I'm heading out to get a nap..."

That's exactly what I did.

\*\*A/N: Yeah yeah...it's a whole lotta nothing...I've been neglecting this story and need to stop. So I should have this done soon.\*\*

**\*\*A/N:** Sorry about not updating in a long time, sometimes life just happens to people. But hey I'm back finally.\*\*

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 14\*\***

"This is a very bad idea Pluto," Christian complained as the two of us met outside of the mess. I'd called Christian down here because I knew he could be stealthy, he knew how to cover his tracks. Spying on Miles was an operation I'd somewhat taken upon myself to do rather than try get the Boss' approval on. I know, probably a bad idea. Shadow caught us yesterday, and then made it a point of order to continue which I found strange.

"Think about it this way, Christian, if Miles does anything wrong, takes one bad step with our little prisoner then we're all done for." I told him, "Now c'mon."

We headed towards the prison where they were keeping Fiona. The building would've been intimidating to anyone that wasn't UNSC so when we saw it, we thought it nothing more than just another building. It was kinda late out, roughly 2250 if I recall correctly. The guys on duty let us in without question.

"So far so good," I muttered to myself. The two of us headed towards the POW section. Most of the guys we had here were either asleep or being talked to. The voices were controlled very well, giving me the notion that they were really good at their jobs. I spotted Fiona's cell not too long after. I bet Miles was inside. I approached with all caution since I knew Miles really didn't want anyone else trying to interrogate Fiona, for whatever reason. When I stuck my head in through the door, I saw the Captain asleep in his chair and Fiona was on a bunk it looked like. Her condition looked a lot better than she was yesterday, the bullet that in her leg had already been removed. She lay sound asleep on the bunk.

"So you still think Tory's theory holds up?" I asked.

My hacker nodded, "I could see it. They do look like that kind of couple."

"Agreed,"

Christian hummed and leaned against the wall, deep in thought as I could tell.

"You think we should do something about this?" he asked me.

My head was bowed as I thought about it, "I don't know, we're walking on thin ice as it is. I'd rather not press my luck."

"A bit late for that isn't it, Helljumper?" a female voice said.

Looking up, I prayed that wasn't Sally. It wasn't thankfully, it was Fiona rather.

"Feel like talking yet?" I asked, smirking

She rolled over facing the wall, "Go die in a hole."

"Ladies first."

She growled a bit then sighed, "I never pictured I'd be here one day,"

I scoffed, "Well what do you expect when you betray the Union? You had to know this would catch up with you at some point."

She said nothing back.

"I guess all I really care to know is why you did it."

"And why the hell should I tell you?"

I shrugged, "You don't want to talk to me that's fine, I could always bring the Colonel's down here." (I turned to leave at that point)  
"C'mon Christian, I'd hate to see what Colonel Shadow does to traitors."

Fiona bolted up from her cot, "Wait!"

I hadn't even taken a step, "Yes?"

"I...I'll talk, just don't bring that damned hedgehog back in here again..."

I smiled, "Afraid of the Colonel are you?"

"I'm not afraid of anyone!"

I arced a brow, "You seem to prefer me to him, is there a reason?"

She looked away, towards the chair where Miles was, "You're...not as easily angered as he is."

I approached and sat next to her, "So why did you change sides?"

She huffed a breath, "I don't know where to start, it's all happened so fast."

"How about starting from the beginning?" Christian suggested, "It's always easiest."

She sighed, "Alright. When the war hit Mobius, I knew that it was futile to resist the Covenant. They were crawling all over this planet like it was theirs already, like the damned insects they are. I'd been with Sonic for all of a month after Sally vanished. They show up, kill Robotnik without even a second thought, which got us to find her. Sonic immediately dropped me. I spent a lot of time just...I don't know, brooding, wanting to get back at her. I tried screwing over Tails but I couldn't find it in me to do that. It was Truth that gave that little push to get me to completely betray."

"Go on."

"After the Arc, I knew I'd royally fucked up. There was only one place to go after that."

"You joined the rebellion?"

She nodded, "At first they thought I was a Covenant spy, when they saw this,"

She lifted the shirt she was wearing up a bit, there was a burn mark on her abdomen like a brand of some kind. I then had to hold back from gasping in surprise. Only one other person I'd ever seen had that make; an Elite by the name Thel Vadum.

"That's an Arbiter's brandishing." I said, "You're an Arbiter?"

Again she nodded, "On Earth, I was tasked with eliminating, the Blue Typhoon's crew. I almost succeeded too, if it weren't for Tails suddenly turning brave, even in a gods damned wheelchair."

"What happened?"

"He got me in the back, ruptured my right lung and thought he'd put me down. It was on the Delta Halo, when the Flood showed up that I managed an escape. I stole some bio-foam and made my way to a Covenant Extraction Zone and we got away rather quickly. When Truth caught wind of MDODSTs on Delta Halo, he had me shamed and re-purposed for suicide missions. I've never seen so much action in my life."

"Where were you sent?"

"Only to every major fight where Truth thought I didn't stand a snowflake's chance in Hell of surviving. But I did. Only proceeding to further piss him off. Eventually he tried to have me killed when I returned from a mission on Earth. That's when we ended up on the Arc and I ran away to join the rebels. I figured the UNSC will execute me if I come back, and Truth's wrinkly ass wants nothing more than my blood splayed all over his floor, so there was only one place I could go."

"And what have the rebels done for you?"

"Besides take me in, not much."

"Continue please."

"They tasked me with the dumbest attempt at a terror attack in the history of any rebellion."

"So this wasn't just a plan you had?"

She shook her head, "The rebel spooks thought that now they had Covenant Tech and some forces taking out a base on Mobius would be easy. 'Fun' one of them said. And here I am, only able to shake my head at their foolishness, but if I didn't do anything, they'd have me killed on sight."

"What about the Covenant within your ranks?"

"Just a bunch of scarred aliens with no where to go. The Hunters we had both lost their bond brothers to one battle or another. The

Brutes were on the run from the Elites, Grunts only naturally followed their superiors, and the Jackals...well the Rebels pay them off like mercenaries."

"Okay, so I have one last question to ask you before I leave,"

"Go ahead,"

Before I could even ask it, Miles stirred. I prayed he didn't wake up but I must've rolled a critical fail for luck this time, because he woke up and the first thing he saw was Christian and I.

"What the hell are you two doing down here?" He asked rubbing his eyes.

I felt sheepish and was stuck with nothing to say. It was Christian who came in and practically saved my ass.

"Colonel Shadow sent us to try and get some information out of her." He said, which wasn't entirely true, but not a total lie either.

Miles arched an eye ridge, "And what did you two get out of her while I was out?"

"She's been telling us about the past she has with the UNSC and the Covenant." I said; that was true though.

"That information is on a need-to-know basis." Miles said, "You two should go back to the Solar's quarters."

"With respect sir, your orders are conflicting with the base commander's orders."

Miles growled and stood before leaving, "Lay a hand on her Pluto, and I'll see you spat out in the middle of a Black Hole in your skivvies."

He left after that. I sighed when I heard the door shut.

"You were going to ask me something?" Fiona said.

"Right, two things now that Miles is gone."

She leaned forward and looked me dead in the eyes.

"First, describe your...relationship to Miles."

"It was at first just a ploy to try and get Sonic ticked off, but I didn't expect our relationship to build like it did. We got really close before the war, and I was so blind by revenge that I joined the wrong side. Now my past has returned to bite me on the ass."

"And lastly," I said taking the chair Miles had before he left, "Where are the rebel leaders. I know you know this."

"Would it surprise you if I didn't?"

"No, cause I'd call your bluff and whip out the Royal Flush. Where are they?"

Fiona smirked a little, "You've got a whole new kind of interrogation method don't you?"

"You're avoiding the question, Ms Fox..." Christian warned her.

"My apologies," (she cleared her throat) "That last time I saw the Rebel Leaders was on Sigma Octanus."

"And when was that?"

"What's today?"

"14 October"

"That was three months ago then."

"How high is the possibility that they've moved on?"

"Not very high, they'd just assume that I and all my company died."

"When was your last communication with any form of commanding officer?"

"I was the highest ranked officer during the attack."

"That's not what I asked, you have a boss right?"

"I do."

"When did you last speak with your boss?"

"Three months ago."

"Okay, so you worked directly for the rebel brass?"

She nodded.

"Thank you for your help, you see how much easier life is when you help a friend out."

"You've gotten to ask all the questions so far, now I have one for you."

I crossed my arms, "Thrill me."

"What will you do with me now that I've confessed and ratted out my bosses and the entire insurrection?"

I looked at Christian, who merely shrugged his shoulders.

"When was the last time you ate?"

"Yesterday evening."

"What'd you have?"

"An MRE, "

"Flavor?"

"Beef and rice."

"Was it hot?"

She nodded her head.

I hummed for a second, "You need pie."

That caught her off guard, "What the hell...why?"

"Because pie is good for the soul. Helps you calm down."

"But I'm pretty calm right now."

"Then its for the calories. I'm offering you free food and I feel like you're saying no."

She chuckled a bit, "Very well. A slice of apple please,"

Christian was shaking his head at me.

"C'mon Christian, let's go. I'll send an order for some pie for the nice POW."

Remember when I told you that UNSC interrogations weren't your stereotypical interrogations? Well there's an example. The rules of engagement state that we aren't to mistreat POWs or wounded. POW are to be treated with dignity and respect, just make one thing, a minor thing uncomfortable for them and they chirp like birdies. I've always been known to have a very different approach to interrogations even with those guidelines. I start things off small, usually trying to seem like a kind of blunt ass at first, but then I kinda left the five stages of guilt build in them. At least that's how most POWs get, some don't. It's from there I kinda ease into the big topics like where's your boss, what's this project about, who's this guy and where is he ect. By the end of, I don't know, the POWs I've interrogated always seem to have done a personality 180 and renounce their evils, it's really weird at times. But then again, me offering pie to just about all of them probably doesn't help.

(The next morning)

I was up bright and early, and went to go help out with the clean up of the base. We'd been so busy lately that most of the buildings on base that had been hit were still in disrepair, I figured I'd help out wherever I could. Most of the work was repaving the tar mats for aircraft since a lot of them had been ripped to shreds with bullets. I walked passed the office area where Miles had been held at gunpoint. The window had been fixed and from the look of it, the guys inside were putting in a new light fixture. I had a cup of coffee in my hand as I walked along. Major Antoine's office had to have a complete and total overhaul thanks to a Brute Chieftain with a Gravity Hammer. The mess hall and the track area had been hit with suicide Grunts so a lot of the buildings were missing sections of walls, and considered structurally unsound. It'd be a few months before the track was repaved, longer so before the weight room and the rest of the gym would be done and back online. A lot of the guys on base looked at it this way, at least the pool hadn't been blasted.

I went over to the armory, the black scorch marks of Blaze's Revenant were still there, probably highly irradiated too. I set my drink down, seeing some guys shoveling sheet rock and decided to help them out.

"What the hell?" one said, "What's an LT doing here?"

"So it's suddenly against the rules for a guys to help out?" I responded jokingly.

"No sir."

"That's what I figured gentlemen. As my grandfather always said, 'many hands make light work'."

"I heard that,"

So I was there helping with getting the sheet rock when I spotted Miles heading this way about an hour later

"Captain," I called and saluted.

The enlisted guys did the same.

"Pluto, please come with me."

I set my shovel down and followed him.

"Solar team has graduated fully as of last month and are ready to be fully field deployed according to the brass." he told me.

"Are they sending us out sir?"

He nodded, "They want the \_Leviathan \_back in the air today, and they want Solar team on board."

"Have the others already been told?"

"Yes, according to Lieutenant Rose, Corporal Christian is already aboard the ship. I was heading that way myself."

I nodded, "Alright,"

There was silence between the two of us for a few minutes.

"What did you tell Fiona that got her to open up like that?" he then asked.

"What do you mean sir?"

"I was awake most of the time when you were talking to her, and I also caught the Apple pie bit,"

"Oh, um...well...you see," I stammered on for a minute.

"You can't explain it can you?"

"No sir I can, it's just tough to put into words."

"I heard her mention you have 'different methods' of



interrogations."

"Maybe because I don't always skip right to the point, I kinda dance around it for a while before kind of easing my way, so the POW feels as though they don't need to hide anything from me."

"Well it's damned good, since you got her to tell us where the rebel leaders are."

"And to think she did most of that for really just someone to legitimately talk to. That and she wanted to avoid another round with Shadow."

"No offense to the Base Commander, but his methods are rather...extreme, though they still fit the rules for interrogation, they are fairly...low."

We arrived at the ship a moment later, having taken a shuttle to it. I boarded with Miles and was immediately put to work. He'd ordered me to the central reactor to be sure everything was ship shape and that when the engine started nothing would go wrong. While I was down there I was examining the central reactor which was offline at the moment I was running through a shakedown to be sure everything was operational when I heard this faint beeping noise. I stood and checked the hardware when I found a square shaped growth it seemed on the side of the outer shell. The growth was rather large and white. Fungus? What the hell was...

That's when I saw the flashing lights and hear the beeping loud and clear. I sprinted to the communications station.

"THERE'S A BOMB ON THE REACTOR! EVACUATE THE LEVIATHAN!" I shouted forgetting everything and rushing out of the ship as fast as I could. I ended up diving out of a window and falling about five feet or so to the ground. I tuck and rolled and kept running before the charge detonated. There was only one explosion as the central reactor tore though all of the armor on the Leviathan in a matter of seconds.

"Damn," I cursed having been tossed by the explosion on my back.

"Oh my Gods," someone shouted, "We've lost the Leviathan!"

Realization hit me almost instantly, the rest of Solar team was on the ship! I had to get them out, dead or not. I instantly ran back into the burning ship praying they were alive.

## 15. The Leviathan Part 2

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 15\*\***

I know it was probably the worst thing I could've done, since the reactor was compromised, but I ran back into the Leviathan pushing passed everyone else as they departed. I heard the thunder of multiple explosions from on board the ship, most of them setting fire to whatever happened to be in the blast area at the time of detonation. I ran straight for the bridge, where I remember Captain Miles going before he ordered me to shakedown the reactor. The bridge

was sealed, and the access panel on my end had been destroyed, by what I had no idea. What was a Marine to do at this point? Well, given that breathing was becoming difficult and that I had no idea how badly the reactor had been breached, I was starting to panic a little...and started slamming on the door.

"Is anyone in there?" I shouted

I got no answer, and it was about then that I realized I'd gotten a shard of glass stuck in my shoulder. The pain was dull at first because of the adrenaline rushing through me.

"Miles! Amy! Can you hear me!?" I called again.

There was still no response from on the other side. It was then I started to calm down, coughing from the fumes and remembering my comms which connected me directly to Max on the bridge. As soon as that thought hit my mind I fingered the button so fast that any more would've shoved the comm into my ear canal.

"Max open the bridge!"

The bridge hatch hissed open, loosing a cloud of thick smoke that I didn't have time to react to except for dropping into a coughing fit and falling to my knees. I looked up, smoke stinging my eyes and crawled onto the bridge.

"Is anyone there?" I asked.

No voices answered me, and that only hinted at the fact that the Captain and Lieutenant Rose weren't aboard. If they were, they weren't up here anyway.

I stood regaining my composure and started to leave when an all too familiar looking blinking light flashed in front of me. Placed on the wall to the right of the bridge hatch, was a pack of C-12 plastic explosives, rigged to a timer. The timer had 0:03 on it.

"Oh mother..." I stuttered but never finished the curse

BOOM! That was last sound I heard for the next few seconds. The explosion tore away the viewing ports all over the bridge and launched me flying backwards. I remember being ejected from the bridge as a searing fire broke out and followed me. It was five feet out of the bridge, and a good hundred or so feet straight down, enough to kill a normal person. I thanked God I wasn't normal. After that though I don't really remember much except maybe the loud thud I heard from my back hitting the ground first, then me blacking out.

The Chief said that he and his team found me right as I was waking up. They were considering CASEVAC from just looking at me. It was when I came to that they thought about it again.

My vision was really hazy as I came back into the waking world. It was dark, and my first thought was that I'd gone blind, but when I saw orange fire rising from over the tops of trees, and the half-steel moon over head I knew it was only night. I felt sore all over, it was like someone had just run me over with a steamroller. The shielding on my armor had absorbed some of the impact, my armor

itself more and then the rest of me took whatever Gs hadn't been absorbed. Enough to render a super soldier unconscious...well I never got the measures on how high off of the ground the \_Leviathan's \_bridge was so I have no clue how far I actually fell. Through my fuzzy vision I could see nothing but the \_Leviathan \_still ablaze. Something told me that while I was unconscious the reactor had gone up and detonated.

"Over here!" I heard a voice.

Looking up from where I was I saw the Master Chief Select who was now trying to check my pulse. I sat up and groaned a bit from soreness but motioned him away.

"I'm okay!" I snapped bluntly.

"You alright Lieutenant?" he responded as his squad fell in.

I nodded in response.

"That was some fall you took, what happened?"

I stood and it felt like my back was coated in kerosene and lit with a match, but I pushed through it, "Det charges, C-12 plastic explosives, someone rigged the \_Leviathan \_to blow."

"What? Why would they target a UNSC dreadnaught?"

"I don't know, nor do I really care to try and figure it out. I think I know who's behind this."

The Master Chief stood, "Who did it then? We can have them arrested immediately."

I smirked slightly, "That won't be necessary, Chief, our culprit is already in the brig. To think I ordered her pie..."

(The following morning.)

You'd better believe I was madder than Hell when I stormed into the base jail the next day. It was around noon, I'd been late to a staff meeting because of stupid drivers, ridiculed for being late to it, bored to death at said staff meeting, pestered by a bunch of rookies that just got out of basic who tried to prove how tough they were compared to "some furry" and then there was yesterday, getting blown out of the bridge of the now destroyed UNSC dreadnaught \_Leviathan \_did I mention that little number? Anyway, my suspicions still stood, and it was now time for me to try and get some answers, maybe that would calm me down. Or it would make me even angrier and I'd have to stop by the range on my way back to base housing. I strolled in and ordered the Sergeant to open Fiona's cell and lock us in.

"She's a dangerous one sir," he advised, "Are you sure you want to do this alone?"

"If I thought I'd be at risk I'd have asked for a rifle Sergeant, now the door if you would,"

He did as ordered and I went inside. I was glaring so hard that I swore any minute now and I was going to be shooting red-hot laser

beams out of my eyes. The door sealed behind me and I turned my attention to our Arbiter friend Fiona.

"Forget to mention the \_Leviathan \_did you?" I started.

Fiona rolled over in her bed have just woken up it seemed, she yawned, stretched, sat up and rubbed one eye before looking up at me, "I'm sorry, what?"

"Tell me what you know about the explosives on the UNSC \_Leviathan?"

The vixen looked really lost, though I didn't buy it, "Someone blew up the \_Leviathan?"

"Oh don't play dumb with me."

She swung her legs over the edge of the bed, "I'm not,"

"Yes you are, I can see it in your eyes, don't lie to me."

"Hook me up to a fucking polygraph then, I swear this is the first I've heard of an attack on a UNSC ship."

Her tone was calm and collected, in spite of the curse she threw into that last statement.

"Okay. Did you maybe hear them talking about it before you came here?"

She shook her head.

"Then who did this? I know you know something about it."

She shrugged, "Try what you will, kid, but your asking the wrong girl. Now if you'd kindly turn around so I can get dressed."

I growled a bit but turned anyways out of pure respect for the opposite sex.

"If you did want to blow up a UNSC dreadnaught, hypothetically speaking of course, how would you go about doing it?"

"I'd probably use real heavy explosives, like TNT or mining explosives, something like that and just lace the whole ship with it, and have someone else be the trigger man."

"Okay, and if you had C-12?"

"It wouldn't be enough to bust through the ship's armor, you'd have to either know the ship really well or you'd have to be a whole new kind of stupid. You can turn around by the way."

I did, and saw her dressed in the somewhat tattered clothes she'd been wearing yesterday, "Wow, you really don't know anything about this do you?"

The vixen shook her head, "My orders were to assault CYBER base, nothing more. Hell, if I took over CYBER I'd have to call my bosses for further instruction."

"Shit, no offense, but you'd be no better off than a newbie fresh out of boot."

She shrugged.

I stood, "Well if the rebels aren't behind this then a full investigation needs to be put into effect immediately."

"If it is a rebel attack I'd like to help out."

That stopped me dead, I turned around from the door facing her again, "Pardon?"

"I want to help you."

"And why in God's name should I trust you, a rebel who tried to kill one of my commanding officers and take over the very base on which I work?"

"Because if it is a rebel attack I want them brought to justice."

"Has three days in the slammer really changed you that much?"

"Call me crazy, I guess, but remember that I was once an ODST like you."

"Yeah, you were that's the key word, and that's why I don't trust you."

Fiona sighed and sat on her bunk, "Fine then, leave a girl to rot in a prison cell for the rest of her life."

"Sounds like a plan to me."

I ordered the cell be opened. It was shortly after and I left.

Outside was the base commander, he was on his way in. By the look on his face, he wanted another round with Fiona in the interrogation category but when he saw me leaving he stood and stopped me.

"Did you just get through talking with Fiona?" he asked

"Yes sir,"

"And..."

"I don't believe she's behind this one sir."

He half shut his eyes, "Now that's bull shit."

"Sir, I tried everything, tried dodging around the topic, I even asked her how she would do something like this. The way she described going about this was completely different way of attempting to blow up a ship."

"She could be lying."

"I know liars sir, I even asked her about what she would do if she had C-12, which is the same explosive that was used in the Leviathan and she said it wasn't strong enough to blast through the ship's armor."

Shadow thought for a minute.

"Let me also add that she offered to help with the investigation." I finished.

"She offered her help?"

I nodded, "Yes sir."

"That's weird, no rebel has ever done that before."

"I still don't trust her, sir, but right now, she's the only one with direct connections to the rebels."

The door to the jail opened and we saw Colonel Sonic.

"Colonel?" Shadow said, "What brings you here?"

"Um Shadow Pluto, there's something going down on the news, you might want to come see this."

We sprinted to the rec room, directly across the street. I caught that someone was watching My Little Pony on the TV that I could only assume Sonic was using.

"Umm..." I stuttered, trying to contain my laughter.

Sonic gritted his teeth picked up the remote and flipped the channel.

On the news, we could see a city, presumably on Mobius since television signals didn't travel very far before disappearing in vacuum space.

"I'm standing by as the northern district of Metropolis has just been attacked by what appears to be a huge fleet of ships." the reporter said.

I remember the camera zooming in and showing a group of three red and blue ships flying overhead, and mechs were pouring out of the side and blasting anything that moved.

"It appears that some new terrorist threat has its sites set on razing Metropolis to the ground. Is there anyone who can bring these men down? We'll have more on the situation as it develops." the broadcaster finished.

Sonic and Shadow glanced at each other, both seeming to exchange a message that I never caught.

"So, you think..." Sonic said

Shadow nodded his head, "There's no doubt in my mind, that's defiantly his handy work, those bots had his tattoos all over them."

"Forgive me for not knowing this," I cut in, "But who are we talking about?"

I'd get my answer when we were on the next Pelican out.

(Later on)

"Doctor Ivo Robotnik," General Thorndyke said while the bunch of us were aboard. By us I mean SOLAR team and what the base commonly referred to as The Big Three; Sonic Shadow and Silver.

"Never heard of him sir," Chase stated cleaning his rifle.

"You know him as Doctor "Eggman" the CEO of the Robotnik Corporation based out on Harmony."

"With a nickname like that, it's hard to forget." Silver commented loading his rifle.

"What the hell's the CEO of a multimillion credit corporation doing attacking a city?" I wondered, "It can't be good for business."

"Robotnik has never been a real businessman." Shadow stated, "The Corporation was started by his grandfather, and was a raving success in its hey-day. But now it's nothing more than an infamous weapons company; owned by a madman."

Rand chimed in next, he was working on his machine gun, "So are we going to get to kill some of these robots?"

"Hopefully not," Silver said, "Some of them are actually kinda dangerous."

Sonic looked at the ivory hedgehog, "Oh c'mon Silv, when was the last time one of Robotnik's bots actually posed a threat?"

"How about that weird dog thing he tried on us back in the desert a few years back?"

"Cerberus?" Shadow asked, "C'mon, that mutt was a total pushover."

"Even so, I think we should be careful."

"ANYWAY!" The General said, clearly noticing that we'd gotten a tad off topic, "We're going to first draw him out of the city. The last thing we need is more collateral damage. If we can, we should try chasing him to Diamond Isle. His last base was there, and if it still is, he'll lead us right to it."

"Question sir," I said.

"Go ahead Lieutenant."

"How are nine ODS'T supposed to force out a fleet of airships? They've got a few inches and a few pounds on the bunch of us."

"You leave that to the Navy, they'll handle it. For now, I want you

guys in the city clearing out the mechs, help any civilians get out of there."

"Yes sir."

"We'll evac you once Robotnik is on the run. We've got one chance to catch this slime ball before he disappears again."

The Pelican's back hatch opened up and SOLAR team was deployed first.

"The Big Three are being dropped off at an LZ two clicks east of here. Good Luck SOLAR." said Thorndyke.

We formed up and moved into the city. My rifle was pointed and at the ready, fully loaded. The city looked as if a tornado met a fire and an earthquake then had a threesome in the center of the city and all of the rolling around and switching positions had torn the place apart. Buildings and the like had been reduced to nothing but walls with enormous holes in them barely able to stand. Ash and dust choked the area making it a bit hard to see, though that was no concern of ours. It was unusually quiet. The silence however was very unnerving and I think Rand felt it more than the rest of us. I looked up at the BIOMETER on my HUD, everyone's heart rate was normal, Rand's included, but for whatever reason he looked more tense than anything.

"Let's move," I ordered.

We got going, heading towards the city center, staying off the highway and somewhat out of site.

"This is Colonel Shadow to Team Solar, Big Three are on the ground over," my comm said.

"This is Solar leader, copy, over."

"Big Three, moving south towards the city center, radio check in ten mikes out."

The line went quiet as we continued on.

"Not much of a welcome..." Chase commented, "I was really hoping to get to try out my new upgrades."

"Don't assume the enemy aren't here," Tory responded.

"Shh." I ordered.

Up ahead was a four-way intersection. I halted us and dropped into a crouch.

"Two three and six, cross over to the other side. Four and five are with me." I said.

Tory Chase and Christian sprinted across the street clearing it in a matter of seconds.

"Mike check," I said over our channel.



Five blue lights winked back at me in response.

"Check your corners."

Tanner peered around the corner and I saw Chase peer around his on the opposite end of the road. A thick fog of ash had spat up from there, making it hard to see anything passed 15 meters.

"Clear." I heard Tanner say.

"We're clear over here LT." Chase reported.

"Move."

Rand and Tory crossed first, taking up positions across the street and covering the corners. Christian and I were next, we formed up watching Tanner's and Chase's backs.

"Go, "

Chase and Tanner aborted their positions and sprinted across the open street.

"Alright," I said, "Two by Three on either side of the street."

Five winks of blue on my HUD told me that my ODSs had heard me. We continued ahead for about five minutes and still no contact. Shortly after I heard a huge whirring and a really loud bang. The six of us hit the deck. Nothing moved and it was silent with exception of the sound of the wind.

"Solar team, the Navy has begun their assault on Robotnik's battle group, gimme a sit rep." General Thorndyke said.

"We're golden General," I replied, "No contacts. It's really quiet."

"Good to hear, continue ahead until you reach the city center."

"Rodger that sir, we're Oscar Mike. Out."

The comms shut.

"Any idea what that bang was?" Christain asked via our private comms.

"Probably a MAC round." Rand said, "The General did say the Navy had started their assault."

"No time to dilly-dally, let's go." I ordered and the six of us moved ahead.

Not to say that we reached the city center without something interesting happening. We ran into a patrol of mechs, maybe ten meters a head of us. I stopped us.

"Do NOT engage." I said.

We waited, dropping into prone position.

"Let them pass."

The mechs walked on only long enough to watch one of them drop from behind, presumably shot in the back. Metal peeled away from the body like skin from a sunburn as it dropped to the ground and exploded. That wasn't Chase's round, I dubbed that from my order not to engage. There was only one other sniper I knew about on the ground. The mechs turned and they saw us.

"Take em out!" I barked.

Our weapons jerked up and we mowed them down effortlessly.

"This is Three-two," I heard Sonic, "Sorry about that, Lieutenant."

"Not a problem sir,"

I was biting back a sharp reply really but in a way, three mechs were no match for six ODSTs nevermind that we were super soldiers as well.

"Solar Team, this is General Thorndyke, RV with Colonel Shadow at the city center, Robotnik is retreating, and we're gonna go get him." I heard my comms shout.

"Rodger that, we're on our way, General." I replied, then turned to face the team, "We've gotta move back to the city center, otherwise Robotnik's gonna get away, let's go!"

The six of us sprinted towards the city center which was south of us.

## 16. Robotnik's capture

**\*\*Solar ODST Ch 16\*\***

"C'mon Pilot, pedal to the metal!" Shadow barked. The Pelican rocked and gained speed.

The bunch of us had made it back in one piece with very minimal contact and now were chasing the one cruiser that the Navy hadn't blown up. It was hauling ass back towards the eastern sea. We were hot on its tail. The bulkhead was rattling like crazy, giving me the sinking feeling that the Pelican was at its limit. If you've never rode in one before picture it like this. Take a brick from a construction site or a hardware store and throw it through the nearest window. That's about how smooth a Pelican flies. I've rode on a lot of transport vehicles before; my drop pod, Phantoms Spirits and even a vintage AC130u but none of that compares to the back of a Pelican...okay maybe the C130 had a worse ride than the Pelican but still. There we were just kinda waiting around; the whole of Team Solar and the Big Three along with General Thordyke and a couple of other guys.

"This thing flies like a brick," Tanner said.

"Well, what do you expect from a vehicle that seem like it was thrown

together at the last second?" Chase replied to him.

"Maybe a little more stability."

"Robotnik's landing, and he's high-tailing it into the base." the pilot reported

I heard Shadow growl, "If he gets into that base, it's going to be a helluva fight to get him out."

"Then we've gotta catch him before then." I said then faced my team, "Gear up for pursuit!"

I saw fast weapons get brandished, SMGs and Assault Rifles mainly, nothing that would be too 'slow' by our standards, we needed to be light and fast if we wanted to get in and get the target before he made it out of there. I saw Colonel Sonic with his M7 in hand, he was screwing on a suppressor and looked at me with that evil smirk that I would figure Shadow to use more often. The Colonel was readying a couple of M6D's. They were a bit slow for our purposes but my guess was that he knew what he was doing. Silver pulled on his glove tight, he had an M7 on his lap that was ready to go. I felt the Pelican descend and the hatch opened, spraying all of us with a blast of wind.

"Everyone out!" I barked.

"Haul ass after that fat fuck running to the base!" Sonic cursed.

The first one off of the ship was the fastest one on my team; yours truly. I had Chase and Christian right behind me and already we were booking it along the beach after the fat man in the red jacket that had been labeled as our target. He disappeared into the trees with us in hot pursuit. It wasn't a moment later that we seemed to run into problems. A contingent of enemy mechs seemingly sprung out of the ground.

"Grab some cover!" I snapped and we dove off of the trail, loosing bullets in the enemies direction. Bullets answered up back. I was behind a palm tree that was slowly wearing away under focused fire. A bullet nicked my shoulder tossing me to the ground and flaring up my shield.

"Taking damage!" I shouted out of instinct and returned fire.

Four, five, then six bullet slapped my shield dead on and I fell onto my back still firing. I clipped a mech in the head and it detonated like a firework. The next mech that went down was by a flurry of eight gauge pellets. I rose to a crouch and peered around the tree noticing the group of mech were falling back already.

"We've got 'em on the ropes boys and girls." Rand taunted, "Let's deliver that knock-out punch."

I watched his machine gun spin up and loose bullets at the mech that were falling back. I hugged the right side of the path and moved up as Rand kept up the pressure. Tanner and Christian were right behind me and Chase and Tory were moving up across from us. I glanced over my shoulder to see Rand was moving down the middle of the path, his

weapon still spitting rounds in short bursts now, like he was actually trying to hit something. We weren't exactly going very fast seeing as a couple of groups jumped out of no where and engaged us. I hugged as tight as I could to the edge of the path taking pot shots and scoring multiple hits on a single target. I watch the rest get mowed down by Rand and a few were head-shot by Chase and Tory. Needless to say it really was slowing us down though; Robotnik was probably miles ahead of us by now, and the while the pressure from his mech wasn't much it was giving him what he needed: time.

"Colonel Shadow," I keyed, "Please tell me you have eyes on fat ass?"

"Negative." Shadow replied, "We got ambushed by a Genesis and a couple of Wyverns, we're a bit caught up right now!"

"Damn it! The bastard's slowing us with mech squads, we aren't going to catch him at this rate!"

"Standby..."

We kept pushing towards Robotnik. I managed to get a glance at his red lab coat before he bolted down a path off to our left.

"Ignore the mechs!" I ordered, "He's off to the left, heading east!"

Tory and Chase, who were closest, sprinted after him.

"Someone catch that fat fuck before he gets inside the base!" I heard the General bark via comn.

"Solar two and three are in pursuit, sir, we'll get him."

I motioned the others to fall in behind them, "Cover fire, keep those mechs off of them!"

Rand Tanner Christian and I crossed now on the off path. Rand posted on rear guard to keep the mechs from surrounding us. I sat in a crouch firing at any mechs that I saw following Chase and Tory. We slowly followed behind them.

"Chase, gimme a sit rep," I ordered.

I heard a metal clanging noise as if someone had just been hit by a car.

"Fatty made it inside the base but we're right at the door. I'm holding it open!" I heard him grunting with effort, "He's trying to slam it on me. You'd better get here fast LT!"

"Rodger that, Tory, get inside and follow that son of a bitch!"

"Moving!" I heard her reply.

"Chase has his foot in the door, let's go!" I barked to the others.

The four of use broke into a full sprint down this patch. Any enemies were either shot at for suppression or ignored completely. I was a few minutes later that we saw the entrance to the base, it was an average sized door made completely of metal that shut like the hatch of a ship. And Chase was barely holding it open. From the BIOMETER I could tell he was straining to do so.

"Rand," I said.

The NCO smirked and set a hand on each of the hatches. With a grunt of effort, he threw both hatches wide open. I heard a loud bang and sparks flew from the gaps. Chase slumped down.

"Thanks brother." he said trying to catch his breath.

"No time for down time, we've gotta get Robotnik before Tory loses him!"

We headed inside.

"Tory, what's your status?" I said moving in cautiously.

"He headed into a room and sealed the doors. I'm locked out." she replied, "Now I'm just waiting on you guys."

"Enemy contacts?"

"Negative,"

We moved to her location, which was up a flight of stairs on the second floor. I was sure that this place was familiar but I couldn't place a finger on it. At the end of the hallway, I spotted Tory waiting by the door, her M7 in hand. She smiled from under the polarized helmet, "What took ya?"

"Mechs," Rand said, "A lot of them."

"Well unless you want all this running to be wasted effort, I suggest Christian get to work hacking this door."

The kid stepped over to the pad on the wall and started messing with it. His tail twitched with irritation.

"Was it oh-oh-three or xyz protocol?" he muttered.

"Great...our hacker doesn't even know what he's doing." Chase said rolling his eyes.

A moment later the door opened and he turned motioning us in with a bow.

We went inside, seeing a lab of sorts.

"Solar team, what's your status over?" That was Shadow's voice.

"Colonel," I replied, "We're in the base, I don't see Robotnik."

"He's probably in his lab, it should be on the second floor."

"Yeah, we figured that already...we're already in the lab, searching for him now."

"Keep your guard up, you never know what he's got cooked up in there."

The six of us spread out and made sure to check every last nook and cranny for the target. It was only a few minutes later that something happened but it felt like an eternity, the lab's lights were out and everything that wasn't part of the wall seemed to be moving on its own.

"Target!" I heard Tanner shout.

I jerked my rifle towards him to see he had Robotnik at gun point. The doctor was about a meter or so from the half-blood with his hands raised. I noticed something in his right hand, a remote of some kind. I would soon find out what it did.

"Colonel, I think Robotnik rigged the base to blow. We've got him cornered." I reported.

"Be careful Pluto," Sonic's voice said, "You never know what a cornered animal might do..."

The doctor laughed a little.

"On your knees! Now!" Tanner barked.

The doctor didn't move, only thumbed the button. I heard a slight beeping noise.

"What did you just do?" I snapped, "What the fuck did you do?!"

"You'll find out soon enough..."

A moment later something sent me to the floor. I slammed the ground hard and watched as my team suddenly started to get steam rolled by a single bot. Rand barely got a shot off before the damned thing grabbed him by his throat and slammed him into the ground. Chase shot it four times with the magnum he had before it completely clobbered him. The gray half-lupine flew into a cryo chamber that shattered on contact. Tory and Tanner kept shooting it but the damned thing wouldn't drop. It took them both down with a split kick that sent them to the floor. I started to get back up when Christian was kneed in the stomach and slammed to the floor by a hammer fist. I jerked my SMG up and let loose whatever was left in the magazine. I counted eight rounds before the pin clacked. I slung it and drew my pistol in time to get slammed so hard I saw stars. I remember my HUD disappearing and seeing my helmet get thrown across the lab.

"Colonel!" I heard Tanner shout, "We've got a situation down here!"

I took a shot to the cheek and staggered back trying to see what the hell this thing was. I saw a blue flash and a shot nailed me in the stomach. My face met a metal knee and I felt blood shoot from my

nose. Another shot caught the side of my head. I remember the next thing being a flash of white. I staggered to my feet and took a fighting stance. This thing couldn't be too hard to beat could it? I heard a gun shot that pinged metal not a few feet from me. I threw a straight punch and was rewarded with what felt like metal clashing with my fist. I saw two red spots. I then followed up with a low kick. The spots dropped as though in a crouch. I then round kicked catching metal again on the top of my foot. The spots vanished from my site and I heard glass break.

"Someone hit the lights!" I snapped watching for the spots again.

There was a bright flash, and the room was suddenly lite. I saw the thing we'd been getting the crap kicked out of us by was a robotic version of what looked like Sonic, if Sonic was older and had a mustache. It got to its feet and came at me again. Now that I could see though, it was a whole other ball game. It threw a punch which I caught and deflected to the left. I then slammed a fist into the bot's stomach causing it to double over. I then kneed it so the head snapped back up before throwing a palm fist that shot him backwards. I went for my helmet and quickly scooped it out of the chamber it was in, throwing it back on in an instant. As the display uploaded the bot lunged at me. I caught him by the wrists.

"My turn." I sneered and headbutt it so it staggered. I then clothes-lined it before grabbing it by the neck and snapping it as hard as possible. Sparks flew and the thing shut down. I looked up at Robotnik and brandished my M6D.

"So where were we?" I asked.

"I'm just getting started, kid."

That's when I saw Sonic Shadow and Silver dash in, weapons poised to strike.

"Give it up, Eggman," Shadow ordered, "This fight is over."

The doctor sighed, dipping his head, "Very well. What is it you want?"

"You're under arrest for terrorist acts against the Union." Silver told him and brought out a pair of hand cuffs. He set them on Robotnik's hands and started to escort him out.

"Before we go though." he said, "Sonic, I encourage you to look at the robot that your Lieutenant so easily killed with a good wrench of the neck."

I arced a brow, what the hell did this guy know that I didn't?

"No..." I heard the Colonel say; his voice was trembling.

I faced him, "Sir? Is something wrong?"

Silver took Robotnik outside. I ordered the rest of Team Solar to escort him.

"Please say he's lying Pluto..." Sonic pleaded.

I saw Shadow standing off to the side, his arms were crossed and his eyes were shut, it was almost as though they knew that bot.

"He's not sir, it attacked me and I defended myself."

Sonic stood. I felt a rush of wind from inside the room. That couldn't have been good, especially since there were no open windows. I saw Sonic's helmet explode off of his head into pieces. Underneath his quills were no longer blue, but instead black as night and spiked straight up.

"That was my Uncle Chuck..." I heard him say, he sounded pissed, "We were looking for a way to de-robotocize him..."

He turned to me, the rest of his quills had turned black, and his eyes looked as though they could've spit fire.

"AND YOU KILLED HIM!" He shouted and charged me.

I dove aside.

"Christ!" I snapped leveling my pistol, "The fuck's gotten into you Sonic!"

I saw Shadow unfold his arms. Sonic turned around and was about to leap at me but in a flash of blue, Shadow appeared behind him and put the angry hedgehog in a full nelson hold.

"Listen to me Sonic, you've got to calm down!" he shouted.

"I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU!" Sonic snapped.

"Pluto had no idea your uncle was one of Robotnik's weapons! There's no way in hell he could've known!"

"Let go of me Shadow!"

"Get a grip damn it! He didn't know!"

The black entity that was now Colonel Sonic was thrashing around like a mad dog. Shadow's grip tightened.

"I'm not afraid to personally whip your ass Sonic, now calm down before I make you calm down!"

The Colonel stopped struggling a moment later and he reverted to his original form.

"I'm so sorry sir...I didn't..." I stuttered

He motioned me to stop, "Every word that comes out of your mouth is pissing me off Pluto, do yourself a favor and get the hell out of this lab before I snap again."

I promptly left the lab. It wasn't much later that I caught up with Silver and the others. I glared at Robotnik.

"Silver, stop for a second." I told him.



He did and before he could ask why I punched Robotnik so hard I broke his fat nose. I didn't do anything else after that only stepped back. Silver looked at me shocked.

"What'd you do that for?" he asked

"The fat fuck deserved it." I growled and kept walking, "You're lucky you're a priority target, otherwise I'd have left you with Sonic."

Robotnik smirked at me, blood oozing from his nose.

"Okay," Silver said, "I get it he's a terrorist and all, but what prompted you to knock the shit out of him?"

"You remember that robot that he told Sonic to look at?"

"What about it?"

"That was Sonic's uncle apparently."

Silver was taken aback by that, "You mean...?"

"Yes," Robotnik said, "I robotocized him a long time ago, and now there's no way..."

I slammed a fist into his cheek, "Shut the fuck up, terrorist! You're sick you know that!"

That didn't seem to do anything but bolster his ego and he laughed at me.

I held my anger, this wasn't worth it.

It wasn't too much later that we arrived at where our LZ was, a couple of Pelicans were set up to have us air lifted back to base. I looked back as Sonic and Shadow boarded, the previous glaring hard and the other following him with a sense of preparedness in case he tried anything. On the ride back, it was quiet.

End  
file.